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A GOOD-BYE.

BY EMMA M. CASE.

All over at last!—good-bye, sweet dreams—
Widely apart our paths must lie—
You must not see me tremble or start,
I must hide this torturing pain at my heart,
And bid you a careless, light good-bye.

Ah, well—why not? We are only friends,
You would never think to take it amiss,
But what if this heart were all unmasked?
If you knew I had given my love unasked?
Thank Heaven, you'll never dream of this!

You little knew of my fond sweet dreams—
That my wayward heart was all your own;
Well, the blame is mine—could I blame you, dear,
That your soul is grander than others' are?
That your voice has a tenderer tone?

Good-bye, dear eyes that have haunted me so,
Fond lips whose kisses were never for me!
I must not falter, or weep, or start,
I must hide this torturing pain at my heart,
And bid you a careless, light good-bye!

JESSIE DALE,

The Conductor's Daughter;

OR,

The Plot Against the Pennsylvania Railroad.

BY BURR THORNBURY, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER'S LOVE," "RAVENSWOOD," "SKALE, THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," ETC.

PREFACE.

[As the Author in this story has dealt with local scenes, characters and incidents, he has made such transpositions of facts as serve to avoid too personal allusions. Conductor Dale is a real personage, but his post of duty was not exactly as is stated. Manton Edwards is still in the employ of the great Pennsylvania Company, but he runs his engine over a road not mentioned in the story.

If the delineations of ambitious villainy here given are thought by some to be too bold, attention is only called to the recklessness and daring with which huge frauds are now-a-days planned and carried into execution, ofttimes with alarming success. What desperate attempts are recorded, either to misappropriate the public money, to manipulate the gold market, to work up fat and dishonest contracts, or to get control of National, State, City, County or Corporation Revenues, need not be more than referred to. The evil is an appalling one. Therefore when judgment overtakes those engaged in it, the community feels a sense of gratitude and relief, as for an escape from a great peril.]

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.

"Tickets, please."

The train was approaching Philadelphia, and the conductor was making his final tour, collecting the punched bits of pasteboard with which the traveller was now done. He was a pleasant-faced man, this particular conductor, one who had grown not only gray but kindly in the service.

"Tickets, please," he repeated, as he continued on his way down the car. He approached a beautiful young girl—she seemed hardly more—who, as she extended him her ticket, looked into his warm, gray eyes in a mute, imploring way, as if she desired to speak, but was too timid to address him there in the possible hearing of some of her fellow-passengers.

He had noticed her before, and as he had passed on after receiving her fare—she had not purchased a ticket at the office, it seemed—he had kept that sad look before him, and had said to himself—"Poor thing! she is in trouble."

"Can I be of any service to you, miss?" he asked now in kindly tones. "You appear to be quite alone."

An expression of gratitude made her face radiant—the sad, distressed look she wore flitted momentarily away. She seemed so pure, so sweet, so innocent that it never entered his mind to distrust her, as one less charitable and more suspicious might have done. It was rare to see just such a person as she travelling without escort, and without having been placed under the conductor's protection. She was fashionably and elegantly dressed—a millionaire's daughter could not have been more expensively attired—and yet there was something about her that strangely contradicted her presumed station in life.

"Oh, if you would only help me, sir," she said, in reply to the conductor's inquiry. "You look kind, and I have need of a friend."

Even as she spoke she glanced around her in a timid, startled sort of way, as if she feared some unwelcome presence.

"I shall be very glad to do you any service in my power, miss," said Mr. Dale, now deeply interested.

"Mrs., if you please—Mrs. Rowland," she said, though sadly.

Conductor Dale involuntarily lifted his eye-brows. What! this young creature married?

"Every one takes me for a girl, of course," was her quick thought, as she noticed his surprise at the announcement she had made. Then in a trembling and embarrassed way, she continued—

"I am an utter stranger in the city we are approaching; but I wish to stop there, and I know not where to go."

The kind hearted conductor, who was also a father, knew how pitiable would be

MRS. ROWLAND ARRESTED BY THE ALLEGED DETECTIVE.

"IN THE GREEN GLARE OF LIGHT FROM THE LAMP OF THE STREET-CAR AND THE CROSS-LIGHT FROM THE DEPOT, SHE SAW A FACE WHICH, IN TERROR, SHE SEEMED TO RECOGNIZE."

the condition of one like her, alone at night—for darkness was already falling—in the great city; he knew to what dangers, insults and base presumptions she would be exposed.

"You do indeed need a friend if that is the case," he said, pityingly; marvelling at the same time, that one so evidently used to ease and opulence should be placed in such circumstances as were hers at present.

She appeared to divine his thoughts, for she interrupted him, timidly, with a plaintive quaver in her voice—

"You believe me, sir, I trust?"

"Yes," said Conductor Dale, with a heartiness that seemed very grateful to her; "and you shall have my best care. My daughter is on the train. I will bring her and introduce her, and you shall go with her home."

"Oh, you are too kind, sir. I can never repay you; unless with money," she added, hesitatingly.

"Do not speak of that. I trust I can do a kindness without that sort of a reward."

Such a thankful look as her face had taken, surely must have had its origin in genuine and deep-felt gratitude. An expression of relief was also visible in her pale countenance, though that startled, *hunted* look still lingered.

"Remain here, please, miss—ma'am," said Mr. Dale, "and in a little while I will return with my daughter."

She made a graceful little inclination of her head, blushing slightly at the same time, probably because of the stumble he had made in giving her her title.

The conductor finished his tour of the car, which was the rear one of the train, and then, with a re-assuring smile as he passed her, went forward to bring his daughter.

Mrs. Rowland—for as she has called herself, so will we—sat very quietly after Mr. Dale left her. The attention of some of her fellow-passengers had been attracted by her conversation with the conductor, the more so because the low, indistinct tones of her voice were so musical and pathetic, and his so kindly interested. She had dropped her veil when she became conscious of this scrutiny and turned her head slightly aside, gazing steadfastly, but with evident abstraction, out of the window of the car.

She was, as has been said, elegantly attired, but a critical observer would have noticed that her dress was certainly not meant for a travelling costume. It was a rich half-mourning, very becoming indeed, but hardly appropriate for the present occasion. It looked as if she had stepped from the parlor to the car, without having made much preparation for a journey.

She was of medium height, her hair and eyes were dark, her features delicate and exquisitely fair, though very sad in their expression. At first glance one would have pronounced her a dainty, high-bred lady, with every drop of blood in her veins the bluest; but a closer view would have induced a doubt—there was such a shrinking look, almost of shame, in her face, very inconsistent with the self-possession and ease which usually mark the bearing of the daughters of wealth and station. At the same time there was visible nothing of the hardness and brazenness of demeanor belonging to the *demi-monde*. Here seemed to be a pure, sensitive nature, innately refined, but which had been developed amid uncongenial surroundings, perhaps in the presence of evil and crime. Over her young life some sorrow had evidently fallen, fixing in her gentle features that deep melancholy, which, however, at present was partially overcome by anxieties attendant upon her lonely and, until lately, distressing situation.

Conductor Dale, whose experience with human nature had been pretty extensive, and whose knowledge of it was the same, pondered the possibility, as he went forward into the next car, of the lady not being what she ought to be. In his brief colloquy with her he had been impressed only favorably, but the moment he left her, a suspicion seized him. But he gave that obtrusive thought its quietus at once.

"No, no," he said, mentally, even while his lips said, "Tickets, please;" "I've seen many a trickster and sharper, both male and female, but I've never been taken in yet, and I don't believe I am to be this time. She is as pure as my own Jessie, if some things are a little against her. I've promised to give her my protection, and I'll do it. I wouldn't want to place her in Jessie's company if I had reason to think that something might be wrong; but no impostor ever wore such a face as hers. Jessie."

"Well, father."

He had stopped at a seat in which sat a sweet-faced girl of not more than seventeen, whose bright, intelligent eyes, soft, rose-tinted cheeks, dainty, red-lipped mouth, dimpled chin, and mingled coyness, archness and innocence of expression made a very charming picture indeed. She was very neatly, but not expensively attired, her pretty travelling-dress being almost Quakerish in its simplicity, yet exquisitely tasteful.

Mr. Dale sat down by her.

"What makes you look so solemn, father? Are you afraid I won't give up my ticket because I'm your daughter, and you can't make me do it?" she said, archly.

Never heeding her playful questions, though suffering the gravity of his countenance to give way briefly to an admiring look, he bent to her and said, in low, earnest tones:

"Jessie, there is a lady in the rear car who is in trouble, and I want you to help me help her. She is entirely alone; says she is a stranger in the city, and does not know where to go. She is a young lady, too, though she is either married or widowed; the latter, perhaps, as she wears partial mourning. She is very sweet and sad-looking, and I am sure she is good, though unfortunate. She is rich, also, judging by her dress."

"Rich, father? sad, lonely and in trouble? I thought rich folks never were."

"You ignorant little puss," smiled her father.

"What am *I* to do to help her?" asked Jessie.

"Why, take her home with you. You can go with me to where she is and get a little acquainted, before the city is reached, and then you can just step with her to the Sixth street cars and ride nearly to our door."

"O, yes, father, I know that," said Jessie, with an air of wisdom, as if she did not need to be informed on that point, "but—"

"But what, my child?"

"Is the lady very grand? If she is I shall be afraid of her."

"I do not think you will feel that way toward her—in awe of her, of course you mean; I think you will like her. Come, let us go; or the train will stop before you can have time to exchange any words with her. Shall I take your cabs? But wait a moment; I will take the tickets in this and the other car first."

Conductor Dale was actually becoming a little flurried, his thoughts were running so in connection with the strange lady. He hastily collected the remainder of the tickets, and then returned to his daughter.

"You can pass from car to car while the train is in motion, can you not, Jessie?"

"I *have* done it, father."

"You have! I am surprised. You should not have attempted such a thing."

Jessie gave a merry little laugh.

"I'm a conductor's daughter," she said.

"Now be very careful, Jessie," cautioned her father as they reached the platform. "I'm glad that you *have* made the passage," he said, quite contradictorily of his late words. "You'll know how this time. See! this is the way; I'll go first."

The train was moving swiftly, and some nerve was required by a lady to essay the passage. Jessie had nerve, slight and girlish as she was, and, disdaining the gallant and admiring brakeman's assistance—though she thanked him with a smile for the offer of it—she flew like a bird against the gale made by the rushing train, and caught safely her father's extended hand.

"I knew you could do it," he said.

"And I knew so, too," she answered.

They passed through the car and from it to the next and rear, in the same manner.

"People will think you are taking me to the rear of the train to put me off," whispered Jessie to her father. "I'm sure it looks like it."

Conductor Dale made no reply to this, but being her fond, admiring father, he of course thought it was very funny. They reached the seat where sat the beautiful, young stranger, whose sad eyes brightened wonderfully when she saw them. Perhaps she had feared the conductor had changed his mind about bringing his daughter to her.

Mr. Dale made as pretty a little presentation speech as any man ever did, only he did not speak loud enough for the other passengers to hear; and some of them looked very much as if they would have liked to.

Jessie seated herself by Mrs. Rowland's side, in obedience to a glad little gesture made by the latter indicating that she should.

The pale, mournful beauty of the lady thrilled Jessie Dale's young heart strangely, almost painfully. Yet she did not feel in awe of her, or at least not repelled, but on the contrary, strongly drawn to her.

Mr. Dale lingered a bit while they got under way in what promised to be a very pleasant and interesting conversation, and then withdrew, first interrupting them, however, with this question addressed to Mrs. Rowland:

"Have you any baggage, ma'am? I might take charge of it if you would give me your check."

"You are very kind, sir; but I have nothing but what I can carry."

She spoke with some embarrassment, and with slight color rising to her pale cheeks.

No baggage! That was strange for one like her.

Mr. Dale thought so, but wished that he had not made the inquiry, since it evidently was awkward for her to answer in the negative.

But there was something in her look that seemed to say—"Oh, trust me and help me—I can explain all when I have better opportunity;" and it satisfied him.

"And your name is Jessie," said the sad lady, after Mr. Dale had left them. "What a sweet name! I had a sister Jessie once—Jessie Day; nearly your own name."

"You!"

"Yes; but I never saw her."

"Is she dead? she must have died, though, before you were born."

"No; she was younger than I. I do not know whether she is dead or living."

"That is very strange and sad," said Jessie, sympathetically.

"Yes," sighed the lady; "nearly my whole life has been sad."

"That is what I thought," Jessie almost said, but she checked herself and only looked her pity.

"There has been only one bright spot in it—since I was a child, I mean—" continued the lady, "and that was the brief period I was a wife."

"Your husband is dead then?" said Jessie, with moist eyes.

"I do not know," was the answer, amazing to her listener; "I fear so; if not dead, lost to me forever."

There was a low wail in the words; it seemed like the despairing cry of an anguished soul.

Jessie was mute with wonder and pity.

"I will tell you my story when—when—"

"When you are safe with me at home," finished Jessie. "Here we are at the depot."

The train had slowed down as it entered the city, and now came to a stand at familiar old Kensington. The passengers poured from the cars, some entering the dingy waiting-room, some hurrying away on foot, and others taking carriages or crowding into the waiting street-cars.

"This way for Sixth street," shouted the conductors on that line. "Plenty of room."

"They always say that, you know," remarked Jessie to her stranger friend, who clung trembling and bewildered to her arm as if she feared she might lose her. "We will let the first start, and take the second, it will not be so crowded."

They paused a moment or two.

"Are we to go alone?" whispered Mrs. Rowland.

"Yes," said Jessie; "my father cannot come at once. But I know the way; it is very direct."

"Oh, what would I have done without you or your kind father!" said the lady, in a grateful breath, and yet with a shudder as she thought of what might have been.

"Now we will enter the car," said Jessie, gently directing her companion forward.

At that moment a hand was laid on the arm of the latter. With a frightened start—almost a cry—she turned to see who had thus touched her.

In the green glare of light from the lamp of the street-car and the cross-light from the depot she saw a face, which in terror she seemed to recognize.

She grasped Jessie's arm convulsively, and endeavored to hurry away.

But a cruel, arresting hand was upon her.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARREST—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

"Ah, my lady! you are my prisoner. Lightning can travel faster than steam."

"Release me!" cried the lady, in piteous terror.

"Release you, indeed!" spoke the vindictive voice of the man who had seized her.

"Oh, save me! save me!" cried Mrs. Rowland, wildly.

Jessie Dale was so terrified, that she could not speak or move.

Hearing the piteous cries of the lady, in which terror, aversion and shame all seemed expressed, a number of persons hastened to the spot. The street-car had started, but a gentleman who may have been watching the two, jumped from it and ran back.

"Be quiet!" hissed the man who had arrested Mrs. Rowland. His tone was low, fierce and threatening. "There is no use in making a scene. You've got to go with me."

But the lady's cries continued.

"Save me! save me!" she implored of those who approached. And with a fierce, defiant flash of her eyes, she drew herself, as if in loathing, back from the man, saying: "Do not touch me; you are vile."

He quailed for an instant before her haughty look of scorn and loathing.

"What's the row?" demanded one of the policemen on duty at the depot, who now came on the scene a little late, as policemen are apt to be when they are wanted.

"I am a detective," replied the man whose hand had been upon the lady, "and I have arrested this woman in accordance with instructions received by telegraph from New York; and very naturally she don't want to go with me."

"What is she charged with?" inquired one.

"She is a notorious counterfeiter," was the answer; "and under a dozen different aliases has been operating in every chief city of the country. It is only recently that we could get on her track."

At these terrible words of accusation, the poor lady turned ghastly white with horror.

"She shows her guilt, you see," said the man triumphantly. But a close observer would have thought that with her terror mingled amazement at the charge.

"She looks like a lady," was remarked by another of the bystanders.

"She can *afford* to," said the man, meaning to imply that a successful counterfeiter would never lack abundant funds. "Come," he continued, impatiently and with slight nervousness, addressing his prisoner.

"Oh, save me!" she gasped, imploringly. "I am innocent; his charge is false. He is not a detective, but a villain hired to apprehend me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man, getting some support from several of those present. "That's an old trick, you understand. Of course it is just as she says; only I am not a woman, and don't go travelling alone in a *parlor*-dress, and—"

"She was not alone," spoke a humane voice, as if its owner hoped to make a point in favor of the accused. "This young lady was with her."

He referred to Jessie, who, trembling, distressed and amazed, had witnessed the trying scene.

The self-styled detective glanced at her fair, frightened face.

"I don't know anything about *her*. This is the one I'm after. She left New York alone, this afternoon, because she suspected she was being cornered, and thought it best to leave."

"This is the daughter of Mr. Stowell Dale, conductor on this road, is it not?" spoke a voice, respectfully, not directly addressing Jessie, but referring to her.

The speaker was a handsome young gentleman—the same who had leaped from the starting street-car and come back to where the two ladies stood.

"Yes," answered Jessie, simply.

"Oh, *I* know her *now*," said the policeman. "I've see her before with her father. Beg pardon, Miss, for not rememberin' you."

"And were you on the train that just came in?" quickly asked the man who had arrested Mrs. Rowland, seeing the advantage now presented, to close his case against the prisoner.

"Yes, sir."

"And did this woman form your acquaintance there?"

"This lady did," said Jessie, innocently, rebuking her questioner for his disrespectful reference to her late companion, but not seeing how the admission told against Mrs. Rowland.

"You see how it is; a clear case entirely. The prisoner has attempted to deceive this innocent young lady."

"She did not," declared Jessie, indignantly, forgetting her fear, and feeling that she ought to defend poor Mrs. Rowland. "She said she was friendless and did not know where to go, and she is good and nice, if she *is* rich; and so I was to take her home with me."

Jessie made a very pretty, but a very poor advocate.

Those who had at first felt inclined to believe the lady or doubt the detective, were forced to the conviction as they heard the artless Jessie's story, that the prisoner indeed was guilty, being nothing more than the most "accomplished" and deceiving of her dangerous class.

"My sweet, young friend," wailed the wretched lady, "you cannot help me. Farewell, and Heaven bless you and your kind father always. These people all believe me guilty, and no wonder; everything is against me. But, if I must go with this man, I implore that some respectable officer accompany me to see that I am at least given the protection of a prison."

"I will see you that far," volunteered a coarse-looking member of the police force.

The pretended detective ground his teeth in secret rage.

"Can not *you* go with me?" asked the lady, appealing to the policeman, who had said that he knew Jessie's father.

"I cannot leave my post," he replied.

The three then moved off, Mrs. Rowland casting one sad, despairing look of parting at Jessie, who was now affected to tears and sobbing aloud.

"Oh, where is my father?" she cried. "I don't believe *he* would let them take the poor lady away."

"Your father went immediately back in charge of the six o'clock train, I think, miss. He took Simpson's place, who is sick. He goes to Trenton and won't be down again till ten. If you'll wait in the

depot, I'll find some one shortly to see you safe home."

It was the friendly policeman who spoke.

"I will give Miss Dale the protection of my company to her home if she will accept it," respectfully offered the young man already mentioned, who had not left the spot, but who had stood waiting, as was now evident, with the object of seeing that Jessie was not left without proper escort. "You know me, Halferty?"

"Very well, sir. It's Director Lester's son, miss; you're safe with him."

"Director Lester's son" met a very grateful look from Miss Jessie's eyes, who blushed a little as she gave it, for she thought she had never seen quite such a nice young man before. So handsome; so bright and brave looking; so elegantly dressed; and, yet, with not a bit of the foppishness which spoils so many of our young men, about him.

"This way, please, Miss Dale," he said, offering her his arm. "We will not wait for a car here. Your home is in—"

"In Green street, sir, just above Sixth."

"Yes; we can ride."

They crossed a street or two, and then waited on a corner for a car they saw approaching.

"Let me introduce myself more fully," said the young man, pleasantly, as they paused. "My name is Henry Lester—Harry nearly everybody calls me—and I live with my father in Spruce street. He is one of the directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is well-known to many in its employ."

Harry did not say this grandly, as if to impress his fair companion with a sense of his importance, since he was the son of one of the magnates of the famous Company, but simply, and to further assure her of his respectability, that she might not feel uneasy in his company.

"Thank you, sir," said Jessie, sweetly.

"And now you will tell me your name?"

"Miss Dale."

"Oh, yes, I knew that," he returned, with a suggestive smile.

"Miss Jessie Dale," with a blush and charming confusion.

"Thank you; what a pretty name."

"Every one says so," said Jessie, innocently.

"And what a pretty owner," thought Harry, though it was too soon to say so.

The car was hailed, and they were soon seated in it. Being nearly empty, by taking the furthest corner they had an opportunity of conversing without others hearing too plainly.

Harry Lester improved it; for he was charmed with Jessie's sweetness and symplicity, it was so different from what he was accustomed to. Though he saw that she was unsophisticated, he also saw that she was refined and intelligent.

"I think it was well," he remarked, in a murmurous tone, "that you lost your late companion. She is to be pitied of course, but I fear her true character is not good."

"Oh, I cannot believe so," said Jessie, almost with tears, as she recalled—though indeed it had not been forgotten—the sad, despairing look the poor lady had given her.

"Bad people are often very good actors," said Harry, with a wise air.

"My father thought she was good, and he is rarely deceived."

"But he was this time, I am forced to believe. I saw her on the train, and I wondered what was intended when, after his first talk or consultation or whatever it was, with her, he returned, bringing you and introducing you. I thought she must be a total stranger to your father, and I was surprised to see him so interested. I caught a word or two—you don't blame me for listening, do you?—of what was said, and after that I watched you both very closely. Then I began to think I was impertinent; concluded that Mr. Dale knew what he was doing, and that I needn't trouble myself to find out. But I lingered a little at the depot, until I saw you coming toward the car, when I myself entered, thinking you would follow; but just as the car started, glancing out I saw that something had happened; I heard that piteous cry; and then I jumped off and ran back. And I am very glad I did."

"And I am also," said Jessie, her words being susceptible of a delightfully liberal construction, though she only intended to express her gratitude for the protection of Harry's company and for his kindness and gallantry.

They alighted from the car and walked up Green street to where Jessie lived.

He rang the bell for her, and while they waited the coming of some one to open the door, she said, a little as if she wanted to, yet did not know if it was entirely proper, "You will come in, will you not, Mr. Lester?"

"Not to-night, thank you," he replied; "but I shall be very happy to call another time, to-morrow evening, if you please, and your parents are willing that I should."

"I have no mother," said Jessie. "Aunt Mary lives with us and keeps house, and—

The door was opened by a little waiting-girl.

"Good-evening, Jennie; run along, I'll be in in a moment," said Jessie.

"And she wouldn't object, perhaps?" said Harry, hopefully.

"Oh, no; she lets me have my way in everything.

"That is bad," smiled Harry. "But I will see your father to-morrow, and ask him if he won't let me call to-morrow evening, to learn if anything has been heard of that unfortunate la—woman, you know."

"Yes," said Jessie, artlessly.

"Good-evening, then, Miss Dale."

"Good-evening, Mr. Lester."

And Harry, with a bow, was off.

"What an artless little creature she is," he said to himself, as he went along, feeling pleased in a new and simple and delightful way. "She is a perfect rosebud, as guileless as a child, and altogether fresh and sweet and winning. I rather think I will call again—and oftener than that."

CHAPTER III.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

Stowell Dale was a man of larger means than the fact that he was a conductor on a railroad would lead one to suppose. He owned the house in which he lived, and had an income from safe investments sufficient to support him without occupation of any kind.

But he had always been an active man—had passed many years of his life on the rail: in fact, ever since travelling by steam had been introduced—and he had grown attached to the service. Besides he must have employment, he felt that he could not live away from the excitement and activity of the life to which he had been accustomed. Regular duties to perform he must have; he was one of those men to whom stagnation is death. Give him something to do every day—give him no time to think, to reflect—and he was happy.

He loved his home, his Jessie, his employment, and the station responsible and honorable to which he had risen. He had troops of friends, the confidence and respect of the managers of the vast corporation in whose service he was, and he held a position wherein he could do not only public but private good.

Many were the poor, bewildered travellers whom he had caused to bless him in their grateful hearts by kindly and patiently hearing their numerous and often unnecessary questions; by giving them plain and explicit directions about "changing cars"—that terror of the inexperienced traveller—by informing them in a Christian way that they were wrong when he saw they were, instead of scowling at them in the annihilating fashion too common with conductors; and in compelling the brakemen to call out the names of the stations distinctly, and not say *Marshhill* when they mean Morrisville, or *Washing kisses* when they mean Washington's crossing, or *Some'r-to jump-in* when they mean Somerton Junction.

While if ever the painful duty devolved upon Conductor Dale, of putting off some incorrigible or refractory passenger, who wouldn't reason or listen to reason, he did it so feelingly that the individual thus disposed of, was more inclined to express his thanks for the favor, than to indulge in any vituperation.

Such was Jessie's father; everybody knew him; everybody liked him; and, as for Jessie, herself, she declared there was not such another darling, indulgent father in the whole wide world.

She waited up for him that evening, waited rather impatiently, and until after eleven o'clock, for she was anxious to inform him of what had occurred to the strange lady, and to hear what he would say about it.

Her Aunt Mary, a tall, languid-looking woman, with something of the nervous fretfulness of a confirmed invalid, which she was, though rarely unable to be about, had retired at ten, her usual hour, and had endeavored to induce Jessie to do so also; but the latter was not to be prevailed upon.

"Never mind waiting for your father, Jessie," Aunt Mary had said. "You look tired enough to be in bed. I don't believe you are well. Let me prepare you a warm drink, and then we will retire."

"Now please, aunty, don't ask me to go yet. I can't sleep quite all the time, though you want me to try. Why, I am not awake more than ten hours out of the twenty-four as it is. Just think! I am only seventeen, if you count every year of my life; but as I have lost more than half of them by sleep, I am really not more than seven or eight."

"Why, Jessie, I never heard such an argument. But there goes ten. Take this, my child, if you won't have the warm drink, and let us go."

Aunt Mary had poured a wine-glass of bright looking cordial from a bottle.

"Please, aunty," demurred Jessie, "I'm just as well as I can be, and won't you let me have a nice time in the parlor by myself until father comes? And won't you take the medicine yourself?"

"Well, well," sighed her aunt, "I suppose I must let you have your way. If you get sick in the night, arouse me at once, Jessie."

And with a parting look of considerable solicitude, Aunt Mary departed to her chamber, with the young girl's sweet "good-night" ringing musically in her ears.

"Aunty has such queer notions," mused Jessie, when left alone; "but she is so easy to get along with for all that; she don't stick to them as some folks do."

And a little roguish smile of satisfaction flitted over the fair young face.

Jessie sat there in the cheery parlor, in the silent house, not a bit afraid, but with her brain in such a whirl of thought, both pleasant and painful, as had never disturbed it before. Two faces were in her mind's eye—one so bright, the other so sad. She pictured Harry Lester in his aristocratic home, and poor Mrs. Rowland—she knew not where, only in darkness and sorrow.

"*Click-a rick!*"

It was her father turning his night-key at the door.

How swiftly the time had passed after all!

Jessie flew to meet him in the hall.

"Ah, my little traveller, here you are; but where is our guest?"

Mr. Dale asked the question in a low tone, as if he thought she might be in the parlor.

The sweet face looked distressed—the delicate lips trembled, as they answered—

"Then you did not hear at the depot what happened to her?"

"No," replied Mr. Dale, in alarm. "She is not here, then?"

"A hateful man arrested her, father, and took her off to some dreadful place."

"Arrested her!"

"He said she was a counterfeiter, which he was himself, more like."

"Where did it happen, Jessie?"

"At the depot, just as we left the train."

"I wish I had seen you safely to the car," said the conductor, regretfully; "but I was so busy, and had to go back at once. They took her away, then?"

"Yes, *he* did; the wicked man with the glitter in his eyes."

"I believe she is the victim of great wrong, Jessie, and as innocent as you."

"That is what I told them; but nobody seemed to believe me."

"Of course not, you little elf; it would only be concluded that she was trying to entrap you."

"So they said."

"It is almost a wonder *you* were not taken, too," said Mr. Dale, with a start, thinking how unpleasant his daughter's position must have been.

"Oh no, father, I had lots of friends; policeman—I don't know his name, but I know him—Harry Lester—"

Jessie paused with a charming little blush.

"Harry Lester! Who is he? But, never mind that just now. I want to hear more about the lady. Did she say anything about herself after I left you?"

"Not much; she said she would tell me all when we reached my home."

"But what did she say, Jessie?"

"That she had lost her husband, but did not know whether he was dead or living—she seemed to mean that even if he were to be found, they could not be happy together again."

"What more, Jessie?"

"That she had a little sister once, and her name was almost the same as mine—Jessie Day. But what ails you, father?"

Well might she ask. Stowell Dale's face had suddenly assumed a ghastly hue—a white, wondering, startled look showed in it, and his ashen lips gasped this broken question—

"A little sister!—Jessie Day! And—and—what became of her? Was she, too, lost?"

"Yes," said Jessie, wondering, and almost alarmed at her father's agitation. "But how strangely you look, dear father." Then, ascribing his emotion to sympathy with the unfortunate Mrs. Rowland, though hardly understanding why he should be so sorrowfully affected, she continued—"*I* pity her, too, father. Oh, if she could only have come with me to our home!"

"Perhaps," began Mr. Dale, recovering, in a measure, his composure, "perhaps—" And then he paused.

"Perhaps what, father?"

"Oh, my darling, darling Jessie?" was his strange answer. "What if I were in any way to lose you?"

"To lose me, father? As Mrs. Rowland lost her dear ones, do you mean? You needn't be afraid; such things don't happen to quiet folks like us."

"You know not what may happen, Jessie."

"Well, you couldn't lose *me* without me also losing *you*; and if we were to be unfortunate we should soon be hunting each other up, wouldn't we, father?"

"Kiss me, Jessie," he said, with a look of almost more than human affection.

She pressed her tender lips to his bearded ones.

"Of course I'll kiss you, dear father, just as often as you want me to, and a great deal oftener; but I don't see why you need be so sad, unless it is for the sad lady."

Ting-a-ling-ling, went the door-bell.

Both started; the daughter in surprise only, the father as if the sound were a knell.

"Who can it be at this time of night?" queried the former.

Mr. Dale, without a word, trembling, he knew not why, went to admit the applicant.

Jessie stole softly after him, listening at the half-closed parlor-door to hear what might be said.

A gruff voice first spoke; next a softer—a much softer one; then followed an exclamation from Mr. Dale.

The street door closed; then the vestibule-door. There was a dainty, trembling tread and a heavier one, on the carpet. The parlor was entered, and Jessie beheld before her the *petite* figure of Mrs. Rowland, followed by her father.

She embraced the lady and expressed her warm delight at again seeing her. She looked up to her father to communicate silently to him her gratification at the unexpected restoration of her who was to have been their guest before.

Instead of meeting his joyful gaze, she beheld upon his features only the expression of a sickly gladness—as if he, though rejoicing that the persecuted one had found a shelter, felt a fear in her presence, and a premonition of coming evil.

What did it mean?

(To be continued in our next.)

RED KELLY;

OR,

The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "WERTZAL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

Isabel Polnson met young Hume with outstretched hands.

"Griff, you, at least, are not my enemy."

"I dare not be," he said.

"Dare not?"

"No; because of the generous, whole-souled friend of mine who loved you."

She sank down sobbing.

"I told you—I knew long ago that you would be more generous as my enemy than many who might pretend to be my friends. My business to me is of the utmost importance. I do not like to ask anything of Colonel Dewey that would distract his attention from his slowly-dying wife. I want to employ the most famous scout, or scouts, of the border. Can you take me to them? or bring them to me?"

"I can hardly promise either," he replied, with much hesitancy.

"I have money," and she extended a net purse to him, through the green meshes of which glistened the yellow visages of many a golden eagle. "Take this, and do what you can to secure the services of the persons whom I name."

"The two most noted men of the time, Champ and Vitee—without doubt are already engaged as guid-s, or something of the sort, for months to come. Was it much of an enterprise for which you wished their services?"

"I want them to recover my—the child stolen from the family of Lieutenant Meigs."

"Ah!" the ejaculation had something of surprised inquiry in it. "Are they not already employing every means for his recovery?"

"They are doing, doubtless, all that can be expected, but—but I must see the scouts myself. How can I do this?"

"If I can find either man disengaged I will bring him in to the city."

"And here?"

"Here; or appoint some place where you can meet them."

"You are generous; I cannot repay you, for I feel that you act from principle rather than from inclination."

His glance rested questioningly upon her pale features.

"You know," she said, with trembling lips, "that you are—that Keith has aroused suspicions—horrible suspicions of me in your mind."

Griff winced a little.

"That has nothing to do with the present business," he replied, "and I will do what I can for you."

"Some day you shall know what I know, Griff, but for now obey the Golden Rule. Help restore the child to safety, as he is held as hostage between—between a wretch and the gallows. More I dare not say, as the boy's life and my own might be the forfeit. Pray, pray retain the money. Men, these men, will not—cannot be expected to work without a stimulant. Bring one or both of them where I can see them, and I shall feel an eternal gratitude deeper than words can express."

How her musically mournful tones haunted him as he rode away; how her sad, sweet face set itself as in a frame before him. Regretful memories of the past became twisted with regretful thoughts of the present. Yes, he would do all that he could for her for poor Dick's sake, he told himself; but his mind was naturally puzzled to know *why* she should be so distressed about this child.

Held as a hostage between some wretch and the gallows? Hah! had he not told Keith so, when *he* had so harshly judged her reticence concerning the murder. It would not bring back her dead and might imperil the innocent living. Oh, Keith was too hard-hearted. Mercy should be tempered with justice and judgment.

It took Griff nearly a week to ascertain Champ's whereabouts, and then he found that the interview was likely to prove unsatisfactory.

"Bad, bad," ejaculated the scout, "can't ingage solely on ther woman's enterprise, ez I previously signed ther papers—figgerative—that marries, or unites my destiny with that ar irrepressable form as started for ter trade with ther brunets ther time they Belzebubed yer—as er venter, split yer huff—an' when I see sich energy and heaps ov goods sp'lin' for trade, I hev an appetite ter help on ther experdish. I'm 'mazin' likely ter winter among ther Rockies or west on 'em."

"Is the same party starting out upon a trading expedition that encountered defeat before when I was with you?"

"The same fellars as was left, and they hatched a nest full besides that's j'ined 'em."

"All traders?"

"Ostensibly, yes;—but that's a lurkin' fear that them members ov ther orig'nal form as seed proper ter perrambulate west or nothe, may hev bed ther human nater' fryoussed over a 'Lo' fire; and they purpose ter hunt fur 'em as well as trade."

"Has nothing been heard from any of the party?"

"Not a word—not even a musket report; an' they hedn't ther best er guides. Ef they git ig-no-ramously tuk into sum er them fleshpots ez hed lice an' Injins ther before, they've hed ther backs blistered—every one on 'em ere this time."

They were talking a little apart from the soldiers, and the stars had told midnight long before they thought to break up the conference. Griff had not seen the veteran since the attack upon the fort, when Champ had placed his prongs over a horse's back, quick as wink, and with a stentorian yell rocked himself furiously in the chaso.

"An' it's a child as was stole that murderous time—ah?"

Griff explained; and speaking of the child, led, naturally enough, to a relation of the strange murder of De Lancy.

The scout became interested immediately.

"And no clue—no trace of the murderer?"

Hume confidentially entered into the particulars of the underground passage.

"And shot with his own weepin?"

"Apparently."

"Then what leads yer ter think it *ain't* suicide?"

"The mark of a bloody hand upon his shirt bosom—not his own long, slim hand, but the wider and heavier hand of the assassin who pressed him back upon the couch until his death-struggles ceased."

"Hi! proof posative, but no clue; ez thar air anny amount of big, strong hands stained with blood."

"Only this mark was peculiar. Let me show you where?" and Griff explained the matter.

Champ uttered a fierce, horrible growl deep down in his throat, and nothing like what is expected of the human voice.

His companion started in surprise.

"Go over it agin—go over it agin, Griff," he aspirated. "The left hand—yer sure?"

"Yes; the murderer stood on the right side of the victim, and pressed him down with the left hand—so—" illustrating on the scout's flannel-clad chest.

"It ain't posserbel—it ain't likely—but good God! that's Red Kelly's mark; at er ventur', it's ther mark of *he* stood at ther right side ov ther victim, that his cussed left hand *could* make. It must be, an' yet how ken it be the sign of the fiend?"

It did not seem possible to young Hume that the infamous Red Kelly could have been the perpetrator of the crime, and yet there was De Lancy's danger in being mistaken for his cousin.

This item Griff also related to his companion.

"No doubt, ye've got hold on ther cause. Thar ain't no surmisin' what this bloody Kelly ain't hed a finger in—counterfeeter, at er ventur', afore he was suthin' wuss."

"And you are sure that you had a hand-to-hand encounter with him once on the Texas border, Champ?"

"I kal'late."

"And don't you know him? Isn't there *something* peculiar that will serve to identify the devil?"

"Know him?" echoed Champ, removing his "sugar-loaf," "by the blue heavings, no—not arter ther several interductions ez I've hed. His eyedenty is, at er ventur, an *ignius fatyus*. I've hed that surruptitious, cussed claw or his'n hooked inter ther neck er my frock till it started er loger brucns buzz-saw inside 'r my skull; I've heerd his soft voice singin' ther beyondciful battle song er ther pastoril Sioux; an' I've hed sum inches ov his slicer progin my meat; but ther performance allus cum off in ther night before er crowded house—figgerative. Besides that, an' a judgin' ov his size by his weight on my dinner-mill, an' his unadulterated cussen, I don't know nothin' sca'cely ov Red Kelly. Not now, but I mean ter yet. I mean ter tie his neckerchief in or carm way ez 'll bother him over arter ter get an inch or Sioux whoop up by it."

Champ's purposes were suggestive of croup for the outlaw.

"If," said Griff, "Red Kelly commits all these outrages—this stealing of children and carrying off of women—what is his purpose? to found a new Mormon territory?"

"I don't hev an idee what he's found," returned Champ, "but I kal'late he instergates his red Mormoker an' kip-skin chummies ter kerry off the women fur wives. The pig-eyed cusses hev a natural taste fur beauty, an' don't need no urgin'. The children take ter ther wild life—dirt, smut, bonfires and all, an' make ther cutest ole sanops and chiefs that ever sot on an unshod pony."

Without doubt the scout reasoned correctly. At the close of their prolonged interview, he said:

"If Vitee's out of business, he'll take ther job; but sakes a-massy! it's wuss nor huntin' fur a needle in er haystack, ter think ov findin' a child among these neverendin' broken tribes or turkey-tales ez air at an eternal game of grab an snatch from one ter t'other. Howsumdever and notwithstandin' that my fortin's at present cast in along those adventurous traders for furs an' horses, I'll put me another iron in ther fire. I'll look along my route for an urching as hesn't ther brunet taint about him, an' *if* I see sich, an' am convinced that he don't belong whar they rock him to sleep, I'll take him up and brung him inter civilization—I will. Ef that air assurance will be comfortin' to ther baby's friends pass it around, Griff, in welcome."

"It will be comforting; and, Champ, I certainly wish that I was going with your train, but, instead, must trap a few desperadoes, among whom I hope to bring in the wretch who left his red mark to insure his destruction."

"Ef my feet air dangling over Vancouver's Island, an' yo git me word that yer ve got Red Kelly, my toes shell face ther east ther next minnit, an' my tracks shell follow one arter t'other till my feet begin scratchin' up ther tree from which he shall depend like a tassel, or like er pendulum, tickin' his time inter eternity."

Griff felt the terrible earnestness in the old man's tones; and with mutual cautions, they parted. He took the way to the outpost, where Vitee was known to be only a few days previous.

"Say," called Champ, arresting his companion's departure, "give me the little fellar's name."

"Joseph—but always called Jonio."

"All right! I hev it."

Griff deeply regretted that he not been able to procure Champ's assistance. Capable as Vitee might be, the young man had far more faith in the longer years and greater experience of the elder scout.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Miss Polnson came into the sitting-room to meet her visitors, she found Griff, accompanied by a man of no peculiar appearance—nothing extraordinary to distinguish him from other people, excepting, perhaps, his garb, which consisted of a short hunting-jacket piped with red, short, fancifully-fringed breeches, and high-topped boots. A cap, with a scarlet tassel, was drawn firmly upon his head, leaving in sight below it a rim of closely-cut, shining hair. He wore a thick, silky mustache, pointed at the ends, and eminently becoming to his face. His sad eyes, his clear, deep tones and gentlemanly bearing, were so foreign to the generality of the class of men to whom he belonged, and was so different from all her preconceived ideas of a frontier scout, that good-breeding alone restrained an exclamation of unmitigated astonishment.

It took but little time for her to give him all the necessary information as regarded age and size, and the color of the boy's eyes.

"That is all," said Vitee. "His complexion and hair they can stain and change at will, if they choose or are paid to do so."

To her offers of money he replied:

"No more. Griff has handed over your heavy purse. I may need to make such purchases as will give me access to otherwise unapproachable Indian territory, else I should refuse the coin, inasmuch as my expedition may prove entirely fruitless."

"But I shall rest so much easier," she returned, lifting her eyes again to scan the face of the man before her, "if I know that I have done all within my power to rescue him; if I know that brave and tireless men are roaming the trackless wastes and savage hills in search of the lost one. But, oh, Vitee," she went on, giving him her hand at parting, "be careful of yourself. I could not bear that you should suffer and die at my instigation."

"It wouldn't matter so much," he rejoined, dispiritedly: "I have no friends to mourn my loss—but, yes, I will be careful, for," with a fleeting smile, "I have roamed these plains too long, and tamed too many Indians, to relish the idea of dropping out of the landscape of earth at the whim of a red-skin."

"She is in sorry trouble," he remarked to Griff, after they left her; "what is this child to the lady?"

"I do not know. Apparently Meigs and his wife are the nearest and dearest friends that she has: and she seems possessed of a morbid idea that they are slack in their endeavors to restore the boy to his home and freedom."

"I never see that expression which is in her eyes without knowing there is a sore heart and a woeful experience concealed from the world."

"You do not have an idea, Vitee, of undertaking this business alone?"

"Oh, no; quite a number of us are calculating to scour about until winter is likely to set in upon us, when we shall either return to the outposts, or take a through ticket of the Rockies and come out on the Pacific side."

"Who are your men?"

"A dozen or so of trappers—Duff and Crumbs, the half breed interpreter, besides Dumpster—oh, I like to have forgotten him; he is going along to hunt for his spectacles—the blue goggles, you remember, which in that memorable encounter, he felt obliged to leave with or among the noble red-men. He expects to have to demand them from the gristle of some conflicting aboriginal nose, but have them he will—if he finds them, even if he has to demolish the fellow's 'oil-factories,' as Champ has it. But in regard to the child, so long a time has elapsed since its capture, that the task has but little encouragement—is nearly hopeless. It will not be a long time now before the savages will retire to their winter quarters."

"I thought so myself, but did not like to express my opinion before the lady."

"And the case will have insurmountable difficulties, unless some one at the fort, at the time of attack, recognized the leaders of the savage bands. An inexperienced person cannot conceive of the obstacles lying in the way of an enterprise like this; but I will do all that I can."

"Nothing more is required of any of us;" returned Griff, as he parted from the hero.

We now propose, with the reader's permission, to leave Keith and Griff with their detective plans; and Vitee with his party of hunters; and jog along with Champ, or more properly, to look in upon him, as he toasts himself before the camp-fire, and with praiseworthy zeal, smokes his elegant fox tail to keep the moths out of the fur. He knows his whereabouts, and he expects, by the signs of the day, to be trading by the morrow with some Roman-nosed gentry and their pig eyed better-halves.

"Leetle mon," said he, while he persuaded the fire under his pan to do his corn-cake up brown—so brown that it might have answered for the shoe (shew) bread of old times, "we must pertinaciously recommember that thar war two truths. Ther first showin' er fair ter middlin' amount ov beasts with no shoe-pegs. Without er doubt this squadron war straddled by them frisky an' custable fowl as viceversay nature an' grow ther tail fethers on ther heads. They travelled—by ther tracks—like well-disposed trottin' Injins. Pouncin' along in those savage letters er mark, rid a war party ov unfiltered Sioux—ther strongest and fiercest ov ther Philistines—ther wildest ov free-riders—ther cock-er-doodle-do-o-oe of the prairie. Now, then, we've got ter look well arter our futur' hash an' porrig'; we've got—figgerative—ter keep our eyes peeled, or we shell hev ter dicker with ther Kiaus, Arraphoes, an' them ar low-live cusses—the Crow—on credit; an' yer can't do er big thing with ther fethered tribes without cash down, or its 'quivelunt. By noon ter-morrer, if no untord circumstance pervents, we'll cum up with er fork ov ther Platte an' an old portage."

He held up here to give his *shoe*-bread another turn over the coals—his mouth, meanwhile, drawn in shape to allow of five hundred large and small wrinkles to radiate from that central point to where his thin and iron-gray hair shut out the view.

At this time, when the greater number of the party were rolling the jerked meat and corn bread like sweet morsels under their tongues, Pinjo, the half-breed, straggled in.

"Come or long, Chubby," calls out Champ, "I bet up a duble potion of corn-cake for you, as I know yer meanderin' trick ov comin' in arter supper's all ready."

"Hi-yah?" ejaculates this fellow, who is as broad as a pot-lid across the cheek-bones, "what for I muskes late? We gette in Crow country. They steal—we no fightee much; Blackfeet clus by."

"Show! Loddy! Injins alons us, an' Injins behind us—setters an' pintees."

"Way back yander—much heap Crow tracks long our trail."

"Hi! So there be—eh?"

"Yah, yah! hoss; they see hoss."

"Hoss—well, we hain't got no hoss for trade; sum other things, mebbe."

"Ugh!" shrugged Pinjo, "they no trade—steal. Crow, big thief."

"Oh, yas; I hed some dealing with that ar firm five year ago. They're an unsufferable nawsunce; I shant patronize them at all. And, boys, we must look sharp arter our hosses. Unbuckle ther pegs, an' we'll hev a picket posted. Thar pisen lice."

Two hours after their evening repast had been partaken of, the camp was asleep, save the two solitary pickets guarding the horses, which, freed from their burdens, were tethered and grazing near by. At midnight the watch was changed—this time Champ and McCann holding the post of sentinels.

The solemn stars went their appointed rounds—rose or set as their programme was laid down; and the tireless winds roamed among the mountains and stirred the ripening grasses of the plains.

Toward dawn the horses grew restive; and the veteran, well skilled in nature's tactics, knew that some foe was lurking near.

"It may be only a grizzly; but they're skeerce, and it's mor'n likely it's a brave or two. At er venter, I'll rouse ther camp."

He proceeded to do this, and not any too soon.

"If summut comes er this, 't won't do ter fire; only persent ther front ov war. A rifle report might, in no time, duble us up with ocher faces or Blackfeet, an' it won't do until we reckonoitre and count ther vermin. It's a stealin party, and they're agoine ter bust from sumpwhar. McCann, you jest draw half the fellars up in line ov battle outside the beasts, an' we will hold the bead animals in this way. Don't yer spout but purtend to, if they git too sassy."

It was quite broad dawn now, and the hunters had obeyed orders with alacrity, knowing that if an attack was coming, a very few moments would bring a crisis.

"Hi! Thar—thar—position! hold hard!" yelled the scout, as a body of savages, in undress uniform, with fierce and chilling yells, bore directly down upon the party. The hunters' ears throbbed with the horrible echoes of the cry; the horses, maddened with fright, trampled and reared, threatening to burst from all restraint and fly before the terrible rush and outcry of the wild squadron.

The two foremost braves had some gaudy cloth fastened upon poles, which they flickered and dipped before the panic-stricken steeds of the white men, while the others beat out those unearthly whoops with their thrashing arms.

"Hold hard! hold hard, Pinjo," yelled Champ; "bust yer giblets if ther white hoss breaks yer grab, they're gone ter the deuce. Hold hard! hold h-a-a-r-r-d!" The last was jerked out as a spluttering stammer; for he had caught the patent headstalls of the two most nervous mares of the herd; and between them they ticked off the time, using Champ for a colossal pendulum.

But he held them head to head until the fierce red whirlwind had passed—held them, personating a second Apollyon straddling the way of Progress and Pilgrims.

"Flinders!" he panted when the festive and baffled savages had carried their yells to the windward, "I'll bate my hat that I've hed sum muscles jiggered jest now as 'll take time ter speak on't afore night. I'd rather run agin ther scollops ov er cog-wheel than fix my opinion agin that ov that cussid, unadulterated gray mare ov McCann's. At er ventur' I seed what she had fur supper, she cum so near swallerin' me; but yer didn't do it, yer thieves, fur all ov yer 'wheel about an' turn about an' yer jump Jim Crow.'"

"They will trouble us farther?" questioned one of the party.

"In course, till we get inter the undesirable Blackfeet country."

The next day and the next, however, passed and they were not molested by the marauders, they having concluded, doubtless, that instead of robbing, they might be robbed by some other wandering tribes.

"They'll watch fur us an' take us when we cum back," said Champ; "but mebbe we'll take ther cross-rodes—what then, Jim Crow?"

Three days after the attempted stampede the old scout was discussing the subject of trade with the chiefs of a small tribe of savages who had pitched their tents in a sheltered valley on or near the banks of a stream, pretending, no doubt, that they were settled for the winter, although the aspect of things might be changed at any time by some other exploring free-riders, who would confiscate their few horses and all their stock of winter provisions with admirable coolness.

With the utmost gravity Champ accepted the stem end of the calumet of peace, and placing it between his teeth, drew in his breath and then exhaled a solemn whiff of smoke in the right direction for the *trade winds*, and the successive solemn whiffs were themselves together and hung for a time in festoons above the merchant circle.

Ah, those noble red men—those sons of nature—could their thoughts have been alphabetically arranged, there would have been unrolled more covetousness, more lust of power in those unadulterated children than thrived within the famous Tammany Ring, albeit the taste was different. This circle coveted Champ's shot pouch, his gun, his leathern belt, and that huge breeches pocketful of tobacco. This last, before the conference was ended, he divided as sugar plums among them.

It was arranged that the trappers should return here if they chose for winter quarters, and to secure what peltries the patent traps left with the savages might catch. In fact a small portion of them, already footsore, and with the romance of adventure worn off to the quick, rather relished remaining with this seemingly peaceable tribe than to pommel about on the wandering way of the remainder of the party. As they were not particularly brave fighters, Champ fitted them out with traps and merchandise to open a thriving trade with the Chinooks, promising to call on the way back if they wished and pick them up.

The main party moved on again, passing along by the old portage, where previous parties, shorn of their animals by the free-riders, had had a sorry tug up-stream in the canoes, loaded down as they usually were with every conceivable article likely to please a savage fancy.

With eagle eye he scanned all sections of the country, and no number of lodges was so insignificant as to be passed by without a call. Every youthful member of the tribe had to pass a cross-examination of the keenest scrutiny. Every time

his glance fell back dissatisfied. He searched in vain for the lost boy. Perhaps he had passed him a score of times, shot into some out-of-the-way valley, or nestled in the bark lodges among the stunted growth of shrubs.

In the wild and savage regions bordering on the Rocky Mountains, so various are the scattered remnants of broken tribes, that the sheltered valleys and caverns at any moment may spout forth a dangerous enemy to the white hunter. And yet for gain, for ambition, or the morbid relish for wild adventure, men have, through all time, pushed out and pushed on in pathways, where if simple duty had called them to go they would have shrunk back aghast, and declared themselves incapacitated for the service.

Duty lacks the stimulant afforded by power, ambition or passion; hence its few, faithful followers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the spring-time of the year that we, in company with motley groups of men, varying in complexion as much as in speech and stature, advance toward a frontier trading post, the yearly resort of the Indian tribes and the white trappers, to exchange peltries and horses for knives, blankets and other sundries indispensable to the free-riders of the plain.

This station was situated on the shores of one of the great lakes of the northwest, down whose waters the birch fleets swarmed in great numbers, bringing in the piscatory and "small grocer Indian," while the better developed, muscular red brought up his equine goods and chattels from the open prairie.

The graduated hunter, the diplomatized white trapper rushes with more eagerness to these places than does the country jockey to his county show. On the lake shore were erected groups of lodges, the different shapes showing the various tribes who camped beneath the crossed sticks. Down the broad waters came the festal fleets—the birch barges with the rows of kneeling figures—that dipped the paddles with the precision of clock-work, the smaller canoes quite often propelled by the squaws, while now and then two of these cockle-shells would dart ahead upon an impromptu race, with the jewelled and bedizened aboriginal dandies driving on with exultant or defiant grunts. Occasionally, the wild and even measure of the white voyagers' boat-songs would strike across the scene harmoniously.

By the evening of the second day the carnival was at full blast. Trading merchandise, horse-racing, and a score of exuberant dances, led by the Sioux, Cheyenne and Flathead bands, were the order of entertainments; and if we look sharp amid the festal crowds, we shall behold the "slim, rovin' figger" of Champ. He has wintered among the fastnesses of the Rockies. He has dined with remnants of the ancient house of Shoshones; he has supped with the heirs of the Pierced Noses, and feasted and revelled with the Snakes; has lifted his light and revelling heel in the *hauls* of the piscatory tribes—always with an eye to business, buying up the red-men's word of honor with broad plugs of tobacco, where they promised to bring in to this identical trading post by the lake shore the peltries secured during the winter—and looking earnestly about the little trundle-beds for a blueish gray-eyed boy not of their denomination.

While he wandered about the northwest, Vitee, learning at the fort that Black Fox and the Big Elk, whose surnames were Sioux, had been two of the leaders of the Indians joining in the attack upon the outpost, had sailed east and sailed west over the southwestern flats, hoping to strike a trail that would bring him upon these particular freebooting bands. But at that season of the year, the same as in the spring, the red-birds were so migratory as hardly to be come up with.

Again, captives are very much like horses in the marauder's hands, continually changing ownership.

Early winter brought him in unsuccessful, but with an unchanged determination to again resume the expedition in the spring.

He hastened to report his travels and want of success; but some of the persons most interested in the case were not to be found. The reader shall have the particulars directly, after I tell them about Champ at the trading-post.

He sat a little apart from the more furious whirlpool of gayety, enjoying the scene, while he smoked away at his dark-browed pipe, with as much zest as the irrepressible boy shells peanuts at country exhibitions. He has visited all the booths of the show, and only lifts a questioning glance when a longer, shriller whoop proclaims some new wind-pipes in full play.

Dashing up at a furious gallop are a small party of gaudily-decked warriors, the manes of their half-wild horses whipping the air like dun-hued flames, the fringes and tassels alike belonging to horse and rider tossing and whirling, their black eagle feathers glistening in the sun, and making, all together, a gorgeous spectacle.

As they dash up with open-mouthed steeds, Champ slowly straightens his joints, and shading his eyes with his hands looks farther out beyond this whooping cavalcade, well knowing that these are the young chiefs of some incoming tribe.

Behind follow the squaws and old men and children. As they come up, the old scout casts a keen, scrutinizing eye over them. He sees some passable Indian maids, but more portly squaws, and quite a drove of children. Another glance at the latter as they trudge along. All nut-brown skins and straight, black hair. Eyes—but hold! here comes a sturdy little fellow, tired and sulky gazing stolidly at his chubby feet. The face has the smut and grease and dirt—the trade-mark of the 'prairie flowers"; but the breadth of forehead, and the shapely face, without the high and broad cheek-bones and narrow, sloping skull of those with whom he journeys, immediately rivets the glance of Champ.

The old scout carelessly followed this party, and notes the place where they spread out their sticks.

Before night he had looked fairly in the little fellow's eyes—the grayish blue eyes of anti-Indian origin.

"I've found ther gal's baby," sez he; "at a ventur', 'twas ther muslin, 'riginally of annuther than Ma'am Platter face. Now then," he farther soliloquizes, "the meanderins ov Providence iz curis. Arter wearin' out nigh outer a bushel basket full, ov mogersons, an' wearin' my buffs inter ther quick er huntin' arter this lestle chap, I sets down ez good's neat, when up comes ther baby an' sez az plain as ken be, 'Here I sir, Champ, ferry me home to my folks. Well, that's easier sed than don. How on airth ken I git out when ther back-door and front-door alike ov this show hes no send ov antic legs fidc'in' the night air in these wantin' dances, till broad daylight grins in ther east. I must suttingly permeditate." He removed his sugar-loaf, and reflectively smoothed the gray, hairy plume.

What his thoughts were the morrow showed forth.

In the early morning he mingled with the revellers, and had so soon distinguished himself by his leaping, wrestling tricks and riding, that wherever the gaunt form wandered a crowd of whites, half-breeds and Indians followed, and the air resounded with shouts, whoops and guffaws.

Meanwhile, Champ had made a bargain with General Dent. "Long-winded, sure-footed, long and limber-legged, air the requisites, general; an' here's a puss or money ez will buy two as good beasts when they air brung in by ther brunetts. I want one, housomedever ez hez been tried an' proved good, fur I want ter make my mark on ther race-course."

Then followed some startling explanations which Dent imparted to a group of officers, and it had the effect to double the assemblage of persons around the open space where the dashing horsemen rode. A grunt or shout, greeted Champ's reappearance upon the scene.

A savage chieftain guiltless of saddle or bridle, rode with insufferable egotism up to the scout and challenged him in a hushed dialect, English and Indian mixed, and Champ cackled out a highly edifying response that neither of them understood, but the gestures acted as interpreters.

This "Lo" fop must have spent as long a time at his toilet as a modern belle, for his face, hands and arms and his brawny legs far above the knees were painted in what might properly be termed *lace* relief. A necklace of the teeth of the grisly bear adorned his war-like neck, fringes of blue and red were freely dabbled about his scanty costume, and his head was the crowning piece of art, being done in *stuck o*. His lovely tresses were arranged in *pompadour* style, and trimmed with feathers and aromatic oil. He finished his evident challenge with a resounding slap upon his brawny breast, and with a guttural yell put his beast into a lively waltz. Champ shook his rein, and the horse he rode lifted and weighed his forward shoulders and then his hams: at the same time bowing very low to Mr. Red's curvetting beast.

"He no stick on much heap," jerked out Pingo. "Champ big fellar on trail—ugh!—slim stick on hoss—slim stick."

The "Lo" fop began to exhibit his skill; he looped himself on the side of his steed, holding by his toes and one hand, he tangled a leg in with the surcingle that banded the body of the horse and shot his arrows from under the neck of the animal; he curvetted, leaped and waltzed; and Champ, sublimely self-poised, followed after in a wild performance. Round and across and lengthwise the open space flew the horsemen every instant, men and riders becoming more excited.

The steed of the Indian suddenly halted, probably advised by his rider, and went down upon his knees with the evident intention to give the scout a stumble and fall; but the animal which Champ rode was master of the occasion, for as suddenly and unexpectedly as the manœuvre had been executed directly in the path of the oncoming steed, he raked his feet together, and leaped clear over the half prostrated horse, combing the top-knot of the savage with his flying corks.

A yell of applause greeted this feat, and the nowise stoical red man joined in with some feeling very near akin to the chagrin of a vanquished pale face.

The horse of the scout described the circle again, this time jarring the earth with his thunderous tread. Of a sudden Champ swerved to the left, bent from his alarming height, and swooped up from the very centre of a group of Indian women and children, the boy with the gray-blue eyes. He crashed across the clear space with a stentorian yell, cleared the ring of spectators, dashed past groups of hunters and half-breeds, and before many persons besides General Dent knew what the extraordinary exploit signified, he was on the open plain and rushing toward a spur of the hills like the fabled wild huntsmen of the Hartz Mountains.

Ere long some half-dozen of the fleetest riders of the tribe from whom the gray-eyed boy had been taken, were lashing their horses in pursuit.

Champ, however, seemed literally mounted upon a thunderbolt. His purpose was to reach the wild defiles of the hills before he should be overtaken, although that plan took him directly from the far, far-away settled territories. But once among the savage hiding-holes he could, without doubt, evade capture for a day or two until the Indians would give up the pursuit.

He struck among the foot-hills long before noon, and had the satisfaction of glancing from the last elevation which he ascended, over a wide reach of country and descried no pursuing foe. However, he cautiously guided his horse into a rushing mountain-stream and followed its course until by making a dangerous and abrupt ascent he came up on to a rocky shelf, which led back among the gigantic chasms and fissures. When obliged to cross a place that left an impress of the animal's hoofs he carefully erased the marks, and worked forward farther among the hills. At last the desired situation attained, he came to a permanent halt and had time to question his little companion.

The boy readily responded to the name of Josie, and in his childish manner gave an account of his wanderings. He was a pinoky fellow and scolded about his captors in round terms. Having been carefully and delicately nurtured, he took not readily to their vagrant habits, and it was all the scout could do to restrain him from noisy ebullitions of delight at the thought of going home to Izzy, as he called his mother.

Champ watched that night with unabating vigilance, disturbed in spite of himself at the hollow reports among the mountains, and the weird echoes along the cliffs. But that night and the day following gave him no cause of alarm; still he did not deem it prudent to leave his hiding-place until his savage pursuers should be wearied of the search. He placed the boy in a safe nook to sleep at night, and moved down apiece with his horse where, tethered, the animal could graze on the coarse herbage.

On the morning of the fourth night after his kidnapping expedition he started for Fort L—— in the far-away territory.

A long and tedious journey of halts, reconnoitres and wearisome windings from the direct course to escape the vicinity of savage beacon fires, and, at last, with a sigh of relief, he beheld the heavy walls of the solid structure which was his present, longed-for goal.

A hearty and boisterous greeting awaited him. The begrimed little fellow was handed around as if he was the greatest of curiosities. Hot amid their rejoicings a sudden silence ensued. Lieutenant Meigs recalled and related the mysterious disappearance of Miss Poinson. No one at the fortification seemed to have any definite idea of the matter. There had been many rumors, but they varied, and no doubt were much exaggerated. Only so much was positive—Colonel Dewey's wife had died and was buried some time before the event happened.

Lieutenant Meigs and his wife again resumed the guardianship of the child, until something definite should be learned of the absent woman.

Champ's object accomplished, he started down along the border, hoping to fall in with Vitee, while the "Indian Tamer's" whereabouts should be known; in order to inform Vitee of the recovery of the boy.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 3.)

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LIBERTY REGAINED.

Mr. Blackstone was as good as his word. He presented the case of Robert Merivale to the judges in open court, described the real purpose of his flight, detailed his strenuous efforts to further the cause of justice by procuring evidence concerning the murder, and explained the nature and convincing character of the evidence at length found.

The court was deeply interested in this explanation, and listened with absorbed attention. The speaker proceeded to show the condition of the evidence at the time of the trial, the great danger which his client ran of being convicted though innocent, and the share which Henry Ogden had taken in his escape, with its apparent object.

He declared that the result fully bore out his theory. The fugitive had consented to this flight with the single purpose of saving himself from an unjust conviction, and of seeking evidence himself which he feared would not be otherwise discovered.

He had been triumphantly successful in this object. Henry Ogden now lay in prison, charged with the murder of his uncle, and with a most criminating array of evidence against him.

What followed? As soon as this satisfactory conclusion was reached, and the purpose of the fugitive fully consummated, he had voluntarily given himself up to the police, prepared to endure whatever penalty might be inflicted for his act, and satisfied with his escape from unjustly suffering for the crime of another.

He continued by describing the reading of the will, and the remarkable fact that the jewel, which had been almost the means of convicting him of murder, was now the chief evidence that proved him the real heir to Glendale, and all the estate of the murdered man.

He concluded by praying that his client be admitted to bail, and declaring that he stood ready to appear before the court at any time to answer for his flight from the hands of justice.

The interest of the judges in this narration continued to its close. It seemed as if the days of romance were returned, as the unusual facts were one by one detailed.

The fact of the innocence of Mr. Merivale seemed to them indubitably established, and the guilt of the new prisoner was fixed upon him by a chain of circumstances of the most positive character.

They were, therefore, disposed to deal leniently with the fugitive who had thrown himself on their mercy, under these extenuating circumstances. The prayer of Mr. Blackstone was, consequently, regarded, and his client admitted to bail, at a light figure, to appear and answer whatever charges might be preferred against him.

This was really equivalent to an acquittal. The lawyer knew well that these circumstances, when made public, would create a powerful popular opinion in his favor, and that there would be no difficulty in having the hearing postponed from time to time, and finally altogether ignored.

Robert attended his eloquent pleader from the court, glad at heart at his virtual liberty. The bail had been offered and accepted, and he was again a free man.

He made the first use of his liberty for a visit home, where he gladdened his sister's heart by a recital of the fortunate result of his labors, and the fact of his liberty at the pleasure of the court. He hastened to resume his own habiliments, and to appear, for the first time for months, as the Robert Merivale of old.

His next move was to Glendale—this time boldly to Mrs. Hamilton's house. It was with deep astonishment and delight that Marie beheld him entering boldly, in his own proper person, freed from all the disfiguring disguises, which had been secretly so distasteful to her.

She had been growing very despondent lately. The investigation had seemed to her to be moving so slowly, and the facts elicited of so little consequence, while she feared that her lover might any day be retaken, and have failed to establish anything satisfactory in his favor.

When, then, he proceeded to relate to her the numerous and highly important discoveries which had been made since his last interview with her, her heart leaped with joy. The full strength of the circumstances were at once evident to her.

She knew that Henry Ogden had been arrested, and on what charge, and this had already replaced her despondency by a strong feeling of hope. But it was less than two days since this had occurred, and no satisfactory account of the charges against him had yet reached her, though she had made some effort to learn them.

She was, therefore, in the highest degree interested in her lover's account, and made him repeat the story to the minutest detail.

The description of the finding and reading of the will was equally interesting to her—and the more so, when she came to learn that she was heiress to property which she knew to be of very considerable value.

As he continued, describing the heir to the real estate, and the object by which he would be known, she caught at once the sense of the whole relation.

"Why, you dear boy!" she cried delightedly, "that is your own jewel you are describing. Is it possible that you have emerged from all your troubles to become the heir to Glendale?"

"Both possible and true, Marie," he replied. "Mr. Ogden, when so bitterly opposed to me, little dreamed that he had named me in his will as his heir. You and I are the owners of Glendale and all its appurtenances, dear Marie. Shall we not make a joint stock concern of it, and that as soon as possible?"

She hid her blushing face on his shoulder, too happy for speech, her whole soul gladdened at the freedom and good fortune of her lover, and at the evidences of his unchanging affection for her.

"You are wearing your diamond again, Robert," she said.

"Yes, I have not returned it since it was lent to me for the purpose of trying its effect on the nerves of Dusky Sol. Nor will I part with it, for another moment, except at the demand of the court, to use in evidence against the murderer. I have grown superstitious enough to believe the story concerning it to be literally true, and that it is really a stone of good and evil omen!"

"But what reason have you for such a belief as that?"

"You know how misfortune followed me from the moment I lost it. I had no success in my investigations until I obtained it, previous to my interview with the fiddler. I have since then retained possession of it, and every effort I have made has been successful. Consider the finding of the boat, with its important contents; the confessions of the companions and accomplices of Henry Ogden; the leniency of the court toward myself; and finally, my inheritance of Glendale, directly traceable to this jewel. Consider all this, and then tell me if it does not, in some strange way, contain the elements of good and evil fortune.

"It is you, my dear Robert, not that lifeless stone, that contain the elements of fortune. It is your own talent and energy that have brought you success. You may ascribe them to the stone if you wish. I will continue to believe yourself the source of all your fortune."

"You believe too much in me, Marie. You do not know what a weak and halting individual I really am."

"I know that you love me," she said, looking up at him with swimming eyes, "and that you are worthy of my love. I ask no more."

Their lips met in love's warm kiss. We leave them to a bliss too deep for the intrusion of the outer world.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FINALE.

The evidence against Henry Ogden was so full and conclusive, and was given in such detail by the daily papers, with a recital of the interesting circumstances attending its discovery, as to excite intense public interest.

That the true man had been cleared, and the real criminal captured, was universally agreed, and the most influential of the papers claimed, that under such extenuating circumstances, Robert Merivale should be released from the legal penalties belonging to his daring flight from the hands of justice.

It was literally a flight for life, and the question was raised whether a man was not justified in taking every measure for his personal safety, when he found himself in great danger of conviction for a crime of which he was innocent.

This dangerous doctrine was fiercely combatted by others of the papers. The controversy served the purpose of bringing the matter fully before the public, and it was generally conceded that the fugitive had suffered sufficiently in being imprisoned and tried for a crime of which he was innocent, to fully atone for the act of law-breaking of which he was guilty.

This popular opinion was reflected into the court, and no charges were laid against the returned fugitive, the matter being quietly dropped from judicial notice.

It was late in the winter before Henry Ogden's trial came on. We will not enter into any details concerning it, as they would be merely a recapitulation of evidence with which the reader is already fully conversant.

The evidence under the skilful management of the prosecuting attorney, was carried forward from minor points into more essential details, each circumstance elicited from the witnesses being more criminating than that which had preceded it. Thus it grew gradually toward a climax of the most exciting description, winding up with the most essential point of all, the finding of the boat, and the striking and convincing evidence connected with it.

The counsel for the prisoner strove strenuously, in the cross-examination, to weaken this testimony. Particularly when Dusky Sol, William Bristol, Brady the carpenter, who had been brought back from California, and Robert Merivale were on the stand, did he question their characters and seek to throw discredit on their evidence.

Merivale was subjected to a searching cross-examination, in which many of the mysterious points connected with his long immunity from arrest were elicited, to the great interest of the legal fraternity and the spectators alike. But his character, and his object in his flight and concealment; shone out the clearer for the attempt to depreciate it, and the cross-questioning rather injured than aided the cause of the prisoner.

The direct evidence in his favor was of the feeblest character. No proof of any essential description was brought forward. His character could not be rescued from the obloquy with which the prosecution had invested it. An attempt to prove an alibi utterly failed, and the whole effort at defence was but a desperate struggle against criminating circumstances too positive to be overthrown or even weakened.

The judge charged strongly against the accused, and when the case was given to the jury but one opinion prevailed in the court-room, and a favorable verdict would have excited unbounded astonishment.

The accused had greatly changed during his confinement. His declared, confident manner was gone. He had greatly fallen away, and looked but a thin and haggard ghost of his former portly self. It was with a pallid face and wavering eye he sustained the glances of the people, and heard the accumulating evidence against him.

The jury were out scarce half an hour, and on their return the foreman boldly and decisively gave their verdict to the court:

"Guilty of murder in the first degree!"

The convicted murderer seemed ready to faint when the verdict was rendered. He had to be supported to the carriage prepared to take him to the prison, his sentence being deferred, in consequence of the late hour, till the next day.

That sentence was never spoken. That next day never dawned upon him. He was found dead in his cell the succeeding morning. Dead from apoplexy was the first rendering. Slain by prussic acid was the final medical decision. The wretched murderer had taken his own life, and fled in coward flight, from the avenging hand of human justice, to "that bourne from which no traveller returns," and to the unescapable retribution of the hereafter.

A partial confession was found written in his cell. It simply acknowledged the facts elicited in the trial, and exculpated Dusky Sol from any knowledge of, or participation in, the crime. He had purchased the diamond from the fiddler, he wrote, and the latter had no further connection with it.

This saved the tramp from trial as an accessory to the crime. He was tried, however, on two counts, theft of the jewel, and conspiracy to aid in the escape of a prisoner. He was convicted on those two counts and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary, being recommended by the jury to the mercy of the court.

We may briefly dispose of the remainder of our characters.

The recovered will was, after a searching examination, admitted to probate as the real testament of the deceased, James Ogden. Robert Merivale had no difficulty in proving his direct descent from the person named in the will; and in showing that he, as the most direct and nearest living descendant, and the rightful possessor of the family jewel, was the correct heir according to the terms of the will.

He entered accordingly into possession of Glendale, taking with him, as his copartner in the estate, Marie Dubois, the heiress to the personal property.

The wedding by which these two devoted lovers were made one, was an occasion of the highest festivity. Such a brilliant wedding had seldom been seen in that section, and it was declared that a couple so handsome, well-suited, and destined to happiness, very rarely entered the hymeneal bonds.

All our old friends were present at the ceremony. Will Graham officiated as groomsman, Mrs. Thornton was one of the busiest and happiest persons present, but Hiram Long was the lion of the hour.

Never before had detective received such an ovation, or such heartfelt thanks for his services, as our short but shrewd friend received on this festive occasion. He declared himself far more than repaid for his efforts in the pleasure of seeing so happy an ending to a dark beginning.

THE END.

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS!

BY DAISY BURNS.

"Is it not nice, Almira dear, to have a good friend to pour out one's soul to?" asks Miss Malinda Smith of her bosom friend, Miss Almira Jones.

"Yes," replies Almira, "it is nice. Such ethereal natures as ours could not exist without friendship."

"We have loved each other so long," says Malinda; "I don't suppose there ever were two girls who clung to one another as we have done. Brother John says he never did see such lasting friendship—we never get vexed with each other's faults, we never have cross words."

"Only once," suggests Almira. "Don't you remember how angry you were with me about two years ago, when Tom Hartly asked me to go with him to a party first, then asked you when I didn't go?"

"You are mistaken, my dear friend," says Malinda. "Tom asked me first, and when I told him I wasn't going, said he would find some one else. I suppose he found you."

"No such thing," says Almira; "he found Sue Roberts and went with her, but *I* was his first choice. Ahem."

"Almira Jones," says Malinda, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself; as if any man would ask you in preference to me—me!"

"And who are you, I'd like to know?" remarks Almira. "I guess I'm about as good-looking as you are, and Joe Tompkins says I'm much smarter."

"I don't believe a word of it," says Malinda.

"Then I suppose I tell a falsehood?" cries Almira.

"Joe Tompkins didn't say that," says Malinda, "for he tells everybody how much he admires me."

"Pshaw!" says Almira, "then he's only making fun of you, for he told me on Saturday night he didn't think you one bit pretty, and he liked me much the best."

"I don't care," says Malinda, "he makes fun of you, too, with your dabby old finery, that belonged to your great-grandmother."

"You hush right up, you impolite girl," cries Almira; "that's a pretty way to talk to one's visitor."

"It's no worse than you've talked to me; but I shouldn't expect anything better from you," says Malinda. "Some folks are so green."

"Yes," says Almira, "that's just what Joe Tompkins said you were."

"I—I?" screams Malinda. "Almira Jones, just walk yourself out of this house. I've put up with you long enough. I won't stand it. I never did have any use for you."

"You've had about as much for me as I've had for you, I guess," says Almira.

"Yes, I will walk myself out of this house. I'll kick the very dust from my feet. I always believed you were deceitful, now I know it;" and Almira ties on her hat, goes out, and bangs the door after her, while Malinda sinks back in her rocking-chair.

"I green," she says, "the hateful, impertinent creature!"

THE DEMON WORRY.

BY GLEN CAROL.

Worry is not a melodious name; but it is certainly an expressive one, and suggestive of general unpleasantness. There are days when evil spirits haunt our home, and will not be banished; they troop about the house all day; insist upon "setting things to rights," or rather to wrongs, and obtrude their hateful society upon us, whether we will or no. However smoothly the domestic machinery may have been running previous to their visit, their presence is the immediate signal for disaster, accident and explosions generally. Smiles, good humor and pleasant words vanish as if by magic, and in their stead frowns, fretfulness and ill-temper reign. But heading the evil train, foremost in the rank of turbulent spirits stands the demon *Worry*. The woes he has wrought are legion, and back to his influence are traced full many griefs—tiny sparks at first, but by his baleful breath fanned to fiercest flame—a flame so wild and uncontrollable that no tears, fast though they fall, may ever quench its burning. Can no way be found to exorcise this spirit of evil? It is not in answer to our wishes, nor our prayers, that we note his presence. Right gladly would we rid ourselves forever of his tyranny, but with grasp of iron he holds us, and before him still we bow, unwilling subjects.

Oh, wives and mothers, all over the land, can you not ponder well, and devise some way to free yourselves from this arch-traitor's power? It is to his teaching that you owe those weary looks, that listless, discontented mien. You listen to his restless whispers until your cheeks grow pale; he veils your eyes that you may not behold this fair earth's loveliness; he closes your ears that you may not hear the songs of gladness and rejoicing that go up everywhere. Afar off stands calm-eyed Content, afraid that e'en her shadow may approach too near.

Sweet angel-guest! come closer, closer, with all thy shining train! Before, behind thee flies the sunshine, gilding the path thou pointest out.

Let us but grasp thy radiant garments' hem, and we are free!

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A Dubuque congregation has asked its clergyman not to wear his diamond pin in the pulpit.

☞ A Lancaster man, who recently went home intoxicated, tried to commit suicide because his wife would not kiss him.

☞ A rich old lady in New Haven keeps her hens in the parlor, and feeds them with jelly cakes and English walnuts.

☞ The United States has 5871 periodicals to all the rest of the world's 7742.

☞ The wife of a Wisconsin postmaster has been detected opening letters. He prefers divorce to removal.

☞ A large and elegant prison is proposed, with the most splendid accommodations, for the benefit of defaulters who scorn stealing less than $100,000.

☞ While witnessing a game of base ball out West a boy was struck on the back of his head, the ball coming out of his mouth.

☞ A physician of Naples has transfused blood from the carotid artery of a lamb into the veins of a lady exhausted by hemorrhage by means of a gum elastic tube.

☞ A Nashville lady got all ready to hang herself twice the other day, when visitors interrupted. Some people always are coming when not wanted.

☞ An Ohio woman lately travelled with one ticket, four trunks, two band-boxes, a flower-pot, poodle-dog, umbrella, jug of milk, lunch-basket, paper sack full of peaches, and a boy of fifteen, whose age she gave at nine.

☞ The Texas newspapers are making merry at the expense of a young city man, who bought a fine orchard of two hundred apple-trees in Steuben county, and tapped every one of them in order to secure a supply of cider.

☞ Miss Florence Nightingale has written a letter on prison discipline, in which she says: "For crimes accompanied with violence, especially with violence toward women and children, I would whip."

☞ A London photographer advertises as follows:—"In consequence of the daily increase of accidents by railway, the public are *earnestly* requested to call at the studios of the Blank School of Photography, to have their portraits taken, that they may have some moments of departed friends."

☞ A poetical fellow says that "woman is like tar; only melt her, and she will take any form you please." She is not unfrequently a Tarter, also; only get her, and you will take any form she pleases.

☞ The Cape May Star is responsible for the following:—"A pony jumped from the train, below Millville, while going at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The little fellow scampered up and made after the train at a fearful rate, and the train stopped and took him on—and not a scratch was upon him."

☞ Titusville, Pa., girls have voted not to purchase any dry goods where the stores keep open in the evening. They think the clerks can find some better business, and more congenial.

☞ A young man named Moses Polton, living near Hillsboro, Ohio, was on his way to be married, when he was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Two years ago his brother was thrown from his horse and killed while going to marry the same lady.

☞ A New Jersey justice of the peace called upon a policeman to arrest a number of disorderly boys, the other day, when the officer respectfully declined. The squire swore at the officer, when the officer collared the squire and walked him off to jail. Procuring bail, out rushed the squire as fresh as paint, collared the officer and walked him off to jail, where he now languishes.

☞ If you are in a hurry never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other, that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you wish to get along fast.

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1873.

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Look out for more of the same sort! We are determined to surpass all our contemporaries!

JESSIE DALE,

THE CONDUCTOR'S DAUGHTER:

on,

The Plot Against The Pennsylvania Railroad.

We call attention to this

GREAT STORY,

which we commence this week. It relates to a

SECRET SOCIETY,

supposed to have malevolent intentions against certain of the more prominent officers of the

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Every one will want to read it.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

TWO LIVES.

It is a lesson.

In the sequel to the homely, touching farm-ballad, "Betsy and I are Out," the estranged husband and wife come to understand each other at last. They have lived apart under the same roof for years, and grown farther apart as time went on, but the cloud between them is cleared finally. The mighty strength of their old love is more after all than all the quarrels and differences they have had, when it comes to the actual point of separating from each other, and taking each his and her half the goods, and going each his and her own way. So in the pleasant sequel to the poem, the old husband and wife are reconciled to each other, and the sunset years of their lives are bright with happiness and peace.

But how is it when the reconciliation never comes—when the silence of estrangement is followed only by the eternal silence of death? Alas! Alas!

Years ago two young people were married. They were bright, handsome young lovers, and the path before them looked as fair and smooth as the future ever can look to a hopeful, happy young couple. Their purses were slender, but what of that? Their hands were strong, and their hearts were stronger. It seemed to them on their wedding morning, as they stood hand-in-hand and looked down the road before them, that whatever of bitterness and trouble there might be for other people in the world, no trouble could ever come between them. Just so thousands of young people have stood hand-in-hand and looked down the road, on their wedding morning.

These two young married people were very different in disposition. He was a born conservative, she a born radical. He liked best the old-fashioned life of his fathers, plain and simple even to bareness, without any expenditure of money that could be avoided—his wife, on the contrary, liked beautiful things, and wished to surround her home with taste and comfort. But they never thought to talk of these differences and adjust them before they were married. Who does think of it, indeed? The husband was rather slow, stubborn and unimaginative, the wife was quick, nervous, and fine-grained. The husband read articles on the tariff, and the wife read poetry. Neither could see how the other could read that sort of stuff. But they never talked over this opposition of temperament, and how each would yield somewhat to the other, until gentle time should wear away the sharp corners of both, and their two lives become one harmony. Not they, indeed! They never thought of that. Who ever does think of it, I say?

But they were quite happy at first. Love, which is stronger than all else on earth, nay, which is mightier and more enduring even than old Mother Earth herself, guided their feet over the rough places in the road, at first. As long as they were quite poor, they were quite happy.

After awhile, though, they became rich enough to own property, and make bargains. They were industrious and economical, both of them, and worked faithfully together, and the wife worked as hard as the husband. When they began to get on well in the world, then first it was that a little speck of trouble appeared, sometimes. The wife had a shrewd, clear head, and thought decidedly that her husband could have made better bargains than he did occasionally. She said so. Her husband, being a conservative, was rather inclined to think that the wife was the weaker vessel, and that his particular wife ought to hold her tongue even when her husband did make bad bargains. Sometimes it was about the price of a horse they differed, and sometimes the sale of a crop, and sometimes again the wife would have dearly liked some pretty new furniture, while the husband preferred putting their money out at interest. But still they jogged on comfortably together, in the main.

Two sons were born to them. When these two boys, bright, spirited lads, both of them, were old enough to go to school, the first real troubles of this husband and wife began. The wife wanted to give her boys a liberal education. She had craved it above all things for herself, in her own youth, and the eager desire had never been gratified. It burned again in her breast for her children. The father believed his boys ought to be brought up as he had been, on hard work, pinching economy, and with three winters' country schooling That was how to make stout, honest citizens of boys, he said. He wanted no son of his, brought up like a girl, or a city fop.

That was the first real bone of contention between the husband and wife. Many a hard word they had over it, and many and many an angry, bitter thought. It ended as such things always do where a man has all the power on his side—the husband had his way outwardly, and the wife revenged herself secretly by setting the boys against their father. I am sure she did not mean it, but she did it unconsciously. I wish all husbands would know this thing, and take it to heart: Where a husband uses his authority despotically, the wife always cheats and thwarts him secretly. I never knew it to fail in my life.

Things never seemed to come right between the two any more after that. They who had been such tender and true lovers in their youth, and held together so faithfully in the first days of their married life, drifted farther and farther apart every year. Instead of growing together, they grew apart. The husband was stubborn and a little domineering—and the wife had a bitter tongue in her head. They came to quarrel about almost everything at last. The husband had his way outwardly, and the wife had hers secretly.

It seemed as if the love of their youth had somehow had a mortal hurt, and died slowly as the years went on. The sons grew to manhood as they might, and took their mother's part against their father, in the quarrels. Oh! it was a bitter, shameful ending of the promise of their youth. They never opened their hearts to each other any more. The mother opened her heart to her sons; the father never opened his at all, but went his way alone, a solitary, reserved man. He became hard and avaricious, greedy of houses, and lands, and gold—careless of comfort for his wife and home. Not a week went by without more or less wretched, miserable quarrelling. If a thing seemed good to one of them, that of itself appeared to be a sufficient reason why it did not seem good to the other. So they fretted and irritated one another more and more, as years went on, unhappy as spirits in purgatory, until something which was almost hate, crept into their hearts—and the mother talked sometimes to her sons of separation. She could not endure her hard life, she said. They could never live together in peace, owing to their different views of things, their incompatibility of temper.

I suppose everybody's temper is incompatible.

But any two people on earth, no matter who they are, can live together peaceably, if they try. They want to try and subdue their evil tempers. That's what they want.

The unhappy years dragged on until these two tormenting, tormented spirits were an old man and woman. They had lived unhappily and unpeaceably for nearly twenty years. Then the husband and father fell sick. He went to his bed well and healthy one night, and never rose from it again. In a week he was dead. But the strangest revulsion came over his feelings during that brief week. All the old love for his wife came suddenly back to his heart. Kind, attentive friends were around him to soothe his last hours, yet he would take his food or medicine from the hand of nobody but the old wife, the beloved of his youth. And the wife hung over him night and day, anticipating his every want, striving desperately to hold back the life which was passing beyond the shores of humanity. Oh! it was touching to see these two old people that last week of their lives together. With his hand in his wife's, the husband acknowledged his mistakes. He had been too greedy of gain, and too heedless of the little things which make a wife and family happy. If he had it to do over again, things would be different. In the awful brightness which shone upon them in that solemn week, I am sure it became clear to them both how they had marred and ruined their lives; how, all these years, if both had done a little differently, they might have been supremely happy instead of supremely miserable. Perfect love and harmony were between them at last. And finally when the angel of death came in very truth, and gave, in the failing breath and cold brow, "a sure token that he was a true messenger," the husband died with his head on his wife's shoulder, his hand fast clasped in hers.

So the two who had worried and tormented each other for twenty years, parted like this at last. And after the husband was dead all the hard, disagreeable lines somehow faded out of the lifeless countenance, and left him with serene face and noble head, even as in the days of his brave, strong youth. So they buried him. And at the evening, and for many and many a sorrowful evening in the time which came after, with bowed head and falling tears, the widowed wife sat alone in the twilight, restless and strange, with the ghost of her lost happiness hovering over her—the happiness which might have been theirs all these years.

But it was too late. ZIG.

Biographical Sketches.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

About a quarter of a century ago, an old man with a time-whitened head and stooping figure might have often been seen riding through the West End streets of London. Men raised their hats as this soldierly-looking old man passed, and he invariably acknowledged the courtesy by saluting in military fashion. People halted and looked after him, and a stranger on asking the name of this white-haired veteran would be surprised to discover that he had been gazing unawares at the Duke of Wellington—the Victor of Waterloo—the Iron Duke.

But the old duke had learned to rate these tokens of popular respect at their true value. In 1831, during the reform agitation, the mob had pelted Apsley House and broken several of his windows. Instead of having the panes mended, he had iron shutters put up, which long bore silent evidence to the fickleness of popular favor.

On the first of May, 1769, Arthur Wellesley was born at Dangan Castle, County Meath, Ireland. John Wesley, the celebrated preacher, was a member of the Wellesley, or Wesley family. Arthur's mother, the Countess of Mornington, was a widow, and she found it no easy task to educate her children on a rather meagre income. Like Lord Byron, the future duke tasted in youth the bitterness of aristocratic poverty.

Young Arthur did not profit much by his education, and when he expressed a wish to become a soldier, he was sent to Angiers, France, where he studied military science under Pignerol—thus receiving his early training in warfare from that nation to which his military knowledge was afterward to be instrumental in giving a terrible blow.

When about the age of eighteen, he became an ensign. In his twenty-fourth year, he was a lieutenant-colonel.

That a bad beginning does not always truly indicate a bad ending, receives an additional example from the fact that Arthur Wellesley's first campaign was the very reverse of successful. It was made under the command of the Duke of York, and had been undertaken with the intent of driving the French Republicans from the Netherlands; but it was not the French that were driven out. This was in the year 1795.

British possessions in India had rapidly increased from an unimportant post to a vast extent of territory. This was due to the exertions of Lord Clive and the East India Company. Tippoo Saib, sultan of the usurped dominion of Mysore, threatened to swoop from his stronghold with his terrible cavalry, and sweep British power from India. The sultan's threat was no empty vaunt, for in his service, in addition to his own formidable force, were corps of French troops and engineers.

In 1798 Colonel Wellesley accompanied his brother, the Earl of Mornington, who had been appointed Governor-General, to India. In the succeeding year, the Colonel, under General Harris, whose army numbered 37,000 men, marched against the redoubtable Tippoo. After an advance, fiercely contested inch by inch, the English army reached Tippoo Saib's capital, Seringapatam. After a month's waiting, the invaders prepared to storm the city.

The besieged defended their city furiously, but the besiegers persevered, and finally captured Seringapatam. Tippoo Saib was slaughtered by a soldier in a struggle for his diamond-studded sword-belt; and with their usual paternal solicitude, the English took Mysore under their protection, and governed that kingdom by means of the grandson of the rajah, who had been deposed by Tippoo Saib's father, Hyder Ali.

After this came the war with the Mahrattas, in which Wellesley (now general) distinguished himself, and succeeded in reducing the whole of India to virtual subjection. In consideration of his valuable services, he was knighted, and the East India Company presented him with a one-thousand guinea sword.

In 1805, he returned to England, and took his seat in the House of Commons. Not long after he married Elizabeth Packenham, daughter of Lord Longford. Shortly after his marriage, he assisted in a somewhat high-handed and arrogant proceeding. England, fearing that the all-conquering Napoleon would seize the fleet of Denmark for the purpose of invasion, sent a fleet of her own (under Cathcart and Gambier), and an army (under Wellesley), to secure the Danish ships. The Danes naturally refused to surrender their fleet, whereupon Copenhagen was bombarded, and the English captured the vessels.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was next engaged in the Peninsular War. Napoleon Bonaparte had placed his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain. The proud people of that country could not brook the forcing of a king upon them, and that king a plebeian parvenu. The blue blood of Spain boiled with indignation at the insult, and the people rose in insurrection. It was England's policy to oppose Napoleon, and Wellesley, with 9000 men, went to help the Spaniards. Wellesley took his army to Portugal, to drive the French from that country. It was during this war that Sir Arthur's splendid strategetical talents shone most brilliantly—talents that have placed the victories of Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria, in fame beside those of Cressy and Agincourt. After the battle of Talavera, Sir Arthur was created Lord Wellington. Wellington's campaign in the coast kingdoms offered him no easy victories. He was often driven back, but no sooner did he near the sea—a staunch friend to the English—than his strength returned. The generals against whom he fought were not men who had received promotion merely through purchase or influence, but soldiers who had risen from the ranks through their individual abilities. The Peninsular War raged with varying success from 1808 to 1813.

Napoleon, having been defeated in the terrific battle of Leipsic by the fifth coalition formed against him by the forces of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, and several German States, abdicated, and was exiled to Elba. While the allies at Vienna were doubtlessly congratulating themselves on having got rid of their dangerous enemy, Napoleon landed at Frejus, marched through the country, and in twenty days was again proclaimed Emperor without having spilled a drop of blood.

The Emperor placed himself at the head of the army, and marched into Belgium, to annihilate the Prussian and Anglo-Belgian armies. Wellington was at Brussels when he heard of Napoleon's approach. It has been stated that the news surprised him at the Duchess of Richmond's ball; and Byron founded a well-known passage on this incident. But it, like many other things, asserted of Wellington, has been the subject of hot controversy. Napoleon came on, driving the English before him at Quatre Bras and Ligny. On the 18th of June, 1815, he met the hollow squares at Waterloo. For nearly a whole day the English withstood the furious cavalry-charges of the French. Wellington and the English guards met the last charge of Napoleon's Young Guard, and the French broke like waves upon a rock. Napoleon's star set; Wellington was victor.

Speaking to a painter to whom he was sitting for his portrait, the duke said that he did not remember using the expression "Up, guards, and at them!" at Waterloo; although at Salamanca, it is stated, he used words quite as energetic, if not as elegant. They were—"Push on, and drive them to the devil!" There was never much sympathy between him and his fellow-countrymen in Ireland; but in 1829, he, as a member of the ministry, advised that the Catholics should be emancipated.

He received a dukedom and nearly one million and a half pounds sterling from Parliament; and his income was about 15,000 pounds per annum. He died of apoplectic fits, on September 14, 1852. He was born in the same year as the great Corsican, whose fame eclipsed his even in defeat; but he outlived Napoleon by about thirty years.

THE BIBLE:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 35.

GLORY.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

To how many Western students of the Bible does it ever occur to ask what the royal Psalmist meant in saying, "I will sing and give praise, even *with my glory.*" Ps. cviii. 1. Probably not to one in a thousand. For myself, I never even thought of the subject, till one day, reading the words in an Oriental language, to an ancient *Pundit* noted as much for moroseness as for his wonderful attainments in Oriental lore—he said reflectively—

"Yes, it is proper to consecrate the *voice* and *speech* to the gods, since they only are worthy of man's highest glory." Suddenly it flashed upon my mind, *that* is just what was meant by Israel's sweet singer—he would dedicate to the giver thereof, all his rare vocal powers—his *tongue* in song and in speech. Desiring to test the matter farther, I said to my companion, "I have often wondered at your marked taciturnity—that you should know so much, and speak so little—you who seldom volunteer ever so slight a remark; generally frown down all attempts at conversation even with your own fraternity; and if compelled to answer at all, seem to prefer a nod, a shrug, a motion of the hand or shake of the head—anything, rather than the utterance of a single word."

"Well, why should I talk?" growled the cynic; "I have little knowledge to communicate to others, and of the mass of men I can learn nothing. Why waste words in foolish commonplaces that cannot profit. Better to use the tongue and the voice in uttering the praises of the gods, for thus we exalt ourselves and honor them. *Man's chief glory*, that which distinguishes him from the brutes, is speech—let it not be profaned."

A recent traveller says, "Arabic is a language which of itself, suggests not an item of intelligence to an occidental man. No chance word, as they pronounce it, ever reminds you of one you know. Previous learning fails at every point. You cannot read the names over the doorways of Egyptian railroad stations. The signs over the crazy little shanties or shops, you mistake for curious carvings of wood devices. You are utterly dependent on your dragoman, and your conversation is confined within *narrow* limits. You long for society, and learn to prize the dear old friend in your mouth. Your tongue seems the most precious of all your members; and if you ever get fairly out of this jargon of heathenism, you fully understand what David meant, when he called his *tongue* his glory. 'Oh, God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory.'"

With the characteristic love of all Orientals for the gorgeous and splendid, this word "glory" finds a place in many connections, that seem to us incongruous. Thus when a choice cabinet specimen of the far-famed *cobra-di-capello* was sent me for preservation, the accompanying note of a noble friend informed me that the snake had been taken alive, and that in consequence, his "glory," (i. e. his power to injure) had not been injured. On another occasion when dining with a Malayan Rajah, he recommended a dish of fragrant *pulon* served *a la Arabic*, as "the glory of the dinner"—that is, its distinguishing feature, or the *specialty* for which it was noted, above ordinary dinners.

Once, when we had received an invitation to a court festival, that for some reason we did not care to attend, we all, "with one accord, began to make excuse." It was in Siam during the reign of the Usurper, who was extremely sensitive on points of etiquette, and apt to imagine himself slighted, especially by "the foreigners." So the amiable, peace-loving heir apparent fearing trouble, urged the attendance of our party, holding out as inducement, an offer to show us "the glory of the kingdom" at the conclusion of the levee. "The glory of the kingdom!" and that kingdom, Siam, the richest monarchy of the East, and its court the most magnificent of even *Oriental* cities! For such a sight one might consent to do worse penance than being present at even a five-hour royal fête. So, with thoughts running on gilded thrones, magnificent crown-jewels, and all the gorgeous appointments of a regal palace, so new and strange to republican Americans, we could scarcely wait for His Sacred Majesty to retire ere we claimed the promise of his Royal Highness to show us "the glory of the kingdom." Imagine then our surprise at being conducted, not to the interior of the royal abode, but *without its gates*, to an imposing *temple* on the east side of the Meinam river, situated about half a mile from the shore, in the centre of a beautiful garden. Here the fragrant breath of jasmine and tuberose was exhaled on every side, while about walls and gateways were wreathed the tendrils of the rare, rich *mason-creeper* and glorious passion-flower, with other vines and flowering shrubs, all fragrant as fair, and seeming to encircle an earthly Paradise. Whither we were being conducted, and what the "glory" about to be revealed to our longing eyes, we should have been wholly at a loss to conjecture, had not the flag that waved from the loftiest pinnacle of the gorgeous structure, and the chants we heard on every side, convinced us that we had entered the domain of the sacred white elephant! Huge banian trees, evidently of ancient growth, had so interlaced their graceful foliage as to form a delightful shade, where were seated a band of yellow-robed priests, chanting the praises of this lordly representative of one of *Buddh's* latest incarnations. One who seemed to be chief of the fraternity came forward to receive us, and led the way at once to the presence of the regal animal, whom we found standing on a mat-work of *pure gold*, quietly helping himself to the piles of dainties heaped up before him, while all about crouched menials ready to minister to his wants, as if he had been the highest dignitary of church or state. This, then, was "the glory of the kingdom," the topmost stone in its temple of fame, and the crowning joy of its exultant sovereign and people!

The next time we were invited to see a "glory," was at the castle of a Prime Minister, he who is now Regent, and the "glory" was a dimpled baby six weeks old, the last-born of the eighteen sons of His Excellency!

It would seem, from these several examples, that the term "glory" is used by Orientals to mean a *distinguishing* excellence, and thus we find it applied in the Scriptures. The Ark of God is called "the glory of Israel;" priestly adornments, "garments of glory;" and the cups and basins used in the temple worship, "vessels of glory." So also the woman is denominated "the glory of the man;" and "the glory of the children are their fathers." When Moses was about to die, God directed him to put some of his honor (i. e. "glory") upon his successor, by which was probably intended the dignity and authority, and it may be also that lustre of countenance he exhibited when he came down from the mount, and which was therefore his *distinguishing* "glory."

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—One of those dreadful scientific people who are constantly endeavoring to create sensations, has just announced that "no milk can be safely used which is not free from colustrum." This is as it should be. When a man desires to convey information to the public it is always judicious to express himself with distinctness as this man does. Hereafter, therefore, when any of our readers find colustrum in their milk, they will understand that their first duty is to fish out that colustrum with a hook and line or a drag-net before putting the milk in their coffee. We do not know what would be the effect of mixing colustrum with coffee. Probably it would create an earthquake, or a financial panic, or a tendency to irreligion or something dreadful. But at any rate the combination is to be avoided, and prudent people will extract that colustrum from their milk-pans if they have to hold their noses and dive for it. Perhaps the safer way would be to take it from the cow before milking. In that event the best plan would be to send a boy down inside the cow with a lantern and a hatchet, with instructions to kill every colustrum he comes across.

—Krickbaum read somewhere that Dio Lewis advised men with a tendency to become bald to have holes punched in the tops of their hats. And so when Krickbaum purchased his new winter hat he had a small sheet-iron plate perforated with large holes and set in the crown. That was on Tuesday. On Wednesday Mrs. Krickbaum got a new hired girl, who saw the hat on the chair in the dining-room, and imagining it to be a patent colander of some new kind she removed it to the kitchen. When Mrs. Krickbaum came down-stairs at noon to see how dinner was getting on, she found the girl straining the boiled cabbage through the sheet-iron ventilator in Krickbaum's high hat, and swearing in the Ballybughdeen dialect because the holes were so big, and the colander so limber. That night when Krickbaum wanted to start for the lodge he began to hunt for his hat, while Mrs. Krickbaum sat still and trembled. But when he became exasperated and commenced to pick up the chairs and jam them down hard so as to relieve his feelings she began to cry, and revealed the whole horrible truth to him. It may have been done in quicker time; but we doubt it. We say that there may have been, in former ages, some hired girl who packed her trunk and pelted down-stairs, and was hustled into the street quicker than Mrs. Krickbaum's hired girl, when Krickbaum began to expostulate with her, but the fact has not been proved. He wears an unperforated hat now, and will probably be entirely bald by New Year's Day.

—We were at a funeral the other day, and while Berry, the undertaker, was busy placing the coffin in the hearse, preparatory to proceeding to the grave, his dog, a large liver-colored setter, stood by him. It certainly was rather an odd thing for an undertaker to bring a liver-colored dog to a funeral with him, but we would have permitted the circumstance to pass without remark. But just as Berry shut the door of the hearse, a bald-headed gentleman in black stepped out from among the mourners and told Berry he wanted to speak with him for a moment.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the undertaker.

"Mr. Berry," remarked the man in sables, "I do not want to appear impertinent, but you will permit me to ask if you think it is precisely the proper thing for you to bring with you such a dog as that upon a solemn occasion like this?"

"Well," said Berry, apologetically, "I am very fond of the animal, and I thought nobody would care particularly if he just trotted along behind me."

"I don't object to the dog as a dog, Mr. Berry. But there are certain rules of propriety to be observed, you understand; there are certain questions of taste involved."

"But," said Berry, "the dog can't do any harm. The corpse was fond of dogs, and mine is as decent a looking dog as any you could get."

"Precisely so, Mr. Berry; but the point I wish to make is this: A liver-colored setter is all well enough at certain times and for certain men; but I leave it to your good sense to determine whether the right kind of a dog for an undertaker at a funeral is not a terrier—a ceme-terryer, hey?"

Then Berry suddenly mounted the hearse, the bald-headed interviewer got in a carriage, and the procession moved on.

—The moral and intellectual condition of the salt-water clam is of a kind that cannot be considered as particularly enviable; and yet there are many reasons why the clam may be regarded a particularly fortunate individual, and why its lowly lot should be longed for by man. The clam never suffers from tight boots and corns; and it is never worried because its pantaloons do not fit. Its placid temper is never disturbed by the hired girl question; and it never endangers its life by trying to learn to skate. No clam, we believe, ever yet skated. It never lives next door to a girl who practices four hours a day on the piano, and it never has any cats frolicking around under its window to keep it awake at night. It never has to blow its nose when it has a cold in its head, and it never suffers from baldness. Its nervous system is never unstrung by political excitement, and it retains its firmness when there is a financial panic. It never has to maintain its mother-in-law, and it may refrain entirely from dancing when it goes to a party. It does not have to wash on Saturday nights, and nobody ever asks it to sing. It is not persecuted by life-insurance agents, and it runs no risk of receiving dog bites. It is never annoyed by wilted shirt collars in hot weather, and it never is prostrated with measles or lumbago. It never has to give wedding presents to its wife's relations, it never has to pay when it rides on a railroad, it never has to carry an umbrella, and nobody ever sits on its coat tail. So taking it all in all, the clam *ought* to be happy no matter what the condition of the tide.

—Persons who feel an interest in the changes of the fashions may be glad to hear of the latest variations in the costumes of the royal family of Dahomey. Hitherto the king has clothed himself exclusively in the labels from patent-medicine and stomach-bitter bottles, and from boxes of worm-lozenges. As the winter was coming on, however, he probably felt the need of more clothing, for according to the latest reports, he has just pasted on his chest an American fifty cent revenue stamp, fastened a pink neck-tie around his left leg, and glued a circus-poster to his back. He will unpeel in the spring, when he takes his annual wash.

—Mr. Doppelganger lives in our row, and is in all respects a most estimable man. But he was unhappy last Friday night. The weather was cold, you will perhaps recollect. After Doppelganger got into bed, there was a ring at his door-bell. He thought it was his son who had forgotten his deadlatch key, and so, like the kind old man that he is, Doppelganger went down, with nothing on but his night-shirt, to let the young man in. When he opened the door no one was there, and Doppelganger stepped outside to ascertain if he could see any one near. Just as he did so the wind banged the door to with a slam, and as it closed it caught Doppelganger's night-shirt in it and held him fast. He laughed at first and tried to jerk himself loose; but the muslin wouldn't slip. Then he thought he would pull the bell; but it was on the other side of the wide doorway, and he found to his consternation that he couldn't reach it. It occurred to him then that he might slip out of the shirt, ring the bell, and then get back again. Just as he had gotten half-way out, he thought he heard some one coming down the street, and in a frenzy of fear he tried to get into the garment again; and when he succeeded he found he had the shirt on backwards, and that nobody was coming after all. By this time he felt as if he were sitting in a refrigerator on an iceberg at the North Pole, and the air became colder every minute. Then he determined to cry for help. At the very first yell, the dog in the yard across the street flew over and barked and seemed to have a yearning to ascertain the taste of Doppelganger's frozen legs. And Doppelganger could only kick at it backwards. But he continued to scream for help, and in a few moments all the windows in the row were up, Mrs. Doppelganger's included. The wife of the unfortunate man would spring her rattle, so that his cries could not be heard, and not until a policeman came up and tore Doppelganger loose, did she comprehend the situation. He has now enough rheumatism in him to last him over to 1875, besides a cold in his head of the most terrific character. He will hold that door open after this when he goes down at night.

—Young Cooper was rejected last summer by a young lady to whom he proposed, and he determined to commit suicide. He went up to Bethlehem and wrote a long letter home, in which he said that when the epistle reached his parents he would be no more. He asked their forgiveness and their blessing, and said his soul was weary of the sorrows and troubles of life, and he longed to be at rest. He directed how his body should be dressed, and designated the Rev. Dr. Jones as the clergyman whom he would like to officiate at his funeral. He also selected a particular hymn which he wanted to be sung over his grave, and he named six of his friends who were to act as pall-bearers. He said he would prefer to be buried in some place where the violets would bloom above him in the early spring-time. When his agonized parents received this awful intelligence they went out to the cemetery and selected a suitable lot; they engaged the Rev. Dr. Jones, they hired a choir and set it to rehearsing that hymn night and day, and they telegraphed to the Bethlehem coroner to hold the body till they came. Then they packed the corpse's funeral suit in a carpet-bag and took the first train for the scene of the tragedy. Mrs. Cooper cried all the way up, and Mr. Cooper, with about nine inches of crape on his high hat, reflected mournfully upon the virtues of his departed child. When they dismounted at the depot, they were amazed to perceive the victim of the dreadful act standing at the refreshment stand, dressed in a duster and eating a piece of cranberry pie. And while he explained to them that just as he was about to perpetrate the fatal deed, he changed his mind and concluded to go home and give his weary soul another shake at the sorrows of life, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were shocked to hear a man, who turned out to be the coroner, swearing to a half-dozen of his friends because the Cooper telegram had given him two days' work hunting up a corpse that couldn't be found. Then the Coopers returned, and the suicide, after paying the choir that had been practising that hymn, and dropping a note to the minister, put on his burial suit and began to fall in love with a new girl. Anybody who wants a cemetery lot where the violets are guaranteed to bloom in early spring-time, can purchase one at a sacrifice for cash of the Coopers.

FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The green leaf hung upon the bough,
The gingcups gilt the turf below;
Oh, leaf! oh, flowers! where are ye now?
"Dead!" echoes Time; "dead, long ago!"

A sunbeam trembled on the eaves,
And flickered molten as it fell;
A bare-legged child pulled daisy leaves,
And dropped gray pebbles in the well.

The blackbird sat upon the spray,
And piped to me his even-song,
As at the close of golden day
The white moon rose the stars among.

Oh, bird! long hushed thy mellow pipe,
Oh, day! long paled thy golden sun.
Flowers bloom and fade; the fruit grown ripe;
Fall leaves, comes snow— and all is done!

A HIDDEN WRONG;

OR,

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARIAN'S THORNY WAY.

Mr. Barton sank so gradually and steadily, that his wife and son were deceived by the quiet nature of his disease into believing him better.

His whole nature seemed to have changed; no longer querulous and impatient, he had become gentleness itself, and so thankful and considerate to his daughter Marian, who was his chief nurse, that the loving-hearted girl found comfort in her many trials by basking in a tenderness that was at once new and sweet, for Mr. Barton had never been an appreciative parent to his youngest girl.

She managed to make him comfortable every day before starting out on her trying duty of searching for employment, and night after night when she returned, jaded and unsuccessful, his eager smile of welcome raised her drooping spirits and gave her courage to begin anew.

"You're a good girl, dear, a very good girl," he would whisper to her as she bent over his pillow. "I wish your duties were not so hard, my child, I wish I could have made your life easier for you," and then he would sigh and gaze sadly around as if a clearer view of life had been given him, now that he was so near its close.

He spoke truly, Marian's was indeed a hard and rugged way, beset with weariness and difficulties at every turn; and had her heart been less nobly unselfish, her courage less strong and enduring, she must have fallen, faint and failing, by the roadside.

Miss Plush's reception of her application rendered her wary of attempting to gain work among the people who were in any way acquainted with Miss Gauzewell's establishment, and she had confined her efforts to less fashionable places, none of which were then in want of hands.

She had walked up and down, and high and low, inquiring everywhere and meeting no one ready to give her work.

One dressmaker asked her why she had left her last employer; another told her they never trusted their work to any but recommended hands; and a third said she might want help in the spring, if she would call in a few months later.

Marian borrowed the papers from the grocer at the corner, and carefully searched their columns for anything that might suit her case; but after a vain effort to see a young lady who had advertised for a seamstress, and who had been already inundated with applicants, and an equally useless attempt to gain an audience with a matron, stating herself to be in want of a governess for very young children, Marian went back to her apparently hopeless task of wandering among the signs and windows containing fashion-plates, hoping and praying, oh, how fervently, that some good soul might give her an opportunity to earn her daily bread and the chance of helping others.

Mrs. Barton never alluded to the sum of money her daughter had been an unseen witness of her counting, and many and uneasy were Marian's thoughts concerning it.

Wherever she obtained it, or for whatever purpose it was destined, no allusion to its existence ever escaped her lips, and it was evident that she intended to preserve a profound secrecy on the subject.

When the week following Mr. Barton's attack and Marian's dismissal from Miss Gauzewell's had nearly elapsed, she said to her daughter, sighing:

"I do hope Miss Gauzewell will take into account your father's illness and our trouble, Marian, and not underpay you this week; you've been away very little considering, and I'm sure she ought to give you full wages. I can't think what we are to do if she doesn't."

Her mother's words made Marian's heart beat with fear and distress. The pay! she had never once thought of it, nor how she could manage to get along until she earned money again. For a moment she was half resolved to speak the truth and confess her misfortune, but her father's sorrowful eyes were fixed on her, and she had not the heart to tell him they were penniless.

She bit her lips to stifle her sighs and tried to answer cheerfully and hopefully as she started forth on another effort to find a place.

"Anything," she said to herself. "I will do anything that is honest and decent, but I cannot endure this idleness and suspense longer, they will gnaw my heart out together."

That day, alas! was like the rest; at one place she was told that the people had just engaged all they needed, at another she heard of a prospect a few weeks ahead, but at none could she gain present employment.

No word had come in answer to her letter to Lucy, she dreaded to think of it; what should they do since she could get no work, should they starve together?

Yes, if they could be once more united, if she could rescue her from those strange, bad-looking people, Marian felt willing to brave poverty, privation and even death itself?

Thinking thus and looking carefully around her lest she should miss the boy she was constantly expecting to see waiting with Lucy's answer, she reached her own door and was joined by her brother Allan, who came home from college with his books and papers as usual.

"I've been hearing strange news, Marian," he said; "what do you think, they say Eugene Blanchard has suddenly disappeared, after robbing his father of papers and jewelry to an immense amount, and the family want to hush it all up, though they feel dreadfully about his conduct."

Marian had just opened the door leading into the family sitting-room when her brother told her this. She stood perfectly still and her face became white as death itself.

"It is false," she cried, "as false as the one who invented the cowardly lie, the one who has always persecuted and villified—"

A soft, sweet voice, full of honeyed sound, interrupted her, and a delicately gloved hand was laid with a warning pressure on her arm.

"Shall I interrupt you, to ask when you last heard from my pretty favorite, your sister Lucy, I mean?"

It was Mrs. Blanchard who spoke; her voice breathed an undertone of deep and threatening meaning in Marian's ear, and the girl's indignant protest against the calumniator of Eugene died on her lips.

"Ah, Mr. Barton," continued the lady, suavely, "I am glad to see you looking so well. I trust to be able to congratulate you on being out soon; and Mr. Allan, here, is as devoted to his books as ever. Oh, what a comfort it must be to have a studious, reliable son—one sure to do honor to his family name sooner or later." And she sighed deeply, as if she could scarcely stifle her regrets at her own disappointment in that respect.

"I thank you, ma'am," said Mr. Barton, a little coldly.

Among the changes noticeable in this gentleman since his sickness, was a growing aversion for, and suspicion of this woman; and he watched her with a troubled air, looking from Marian to her, and then back at his daughter, as if he half accused her of causing the sudden pallor and look of pain and dread that marked the poor girl's face.

"Sit down, dear," he said, anxiously, to the latter, "you look faint and worn out, and need rest, I know. Your mother will wait on the lady who does us the honor to visit our poor place. She does not expect ceremony, where there are sickness and trouble; and if her motives are as good as they seem, she will not criticise us—"

"Oh, Mr. Barton, I'm in no mood for that," returned Mrs. Blanchard, apparently overcome by her feelings. "I am an old neighbor and well-wisher, as you know, and if fortune has smiled on me in one way, Providence has dealt heavily with me in another." Here she looked steadily at Marian, and continued, "My only son, who ought to have been a joy and pride to us both, has plunged his father and me in the most poignant grief and mortification. I overheard Mr. Allan relating the facts of the case to you as I came in; they are but too true—and I entreat your sympathy, my good friends."

Tears, wherever they came from, rolled over her fair cheeks; but she never took her eyes off Marian, who bit her lips till the blood sprang beneath her teeth, and with her hand pressed hard upon her throbbing heart, thought of Lucy's secret, which this woman was waiting to betray if she uttered one word in defence of her absent lover.

CHAPTER XIV.

DR. HEATHERTON'S ADVENTURE.

Eugene's friend, Max Heatherton, began to wonder greatly at the young artist's prolonged seclusion. They had been in the habit of meeting frequently, and although Eugene showed a strange repugnance to any home subject, the friends had been free and confidential together on all other points.

Dr. Heatherton was observant enough to see that the young man preferred their intercourse to be entirely disconnected with the house on Lexington Terrace, and had declined the doctor's many cordial invitations to visit him in his rooms, because for some reason he was unable to reciprocate the hospitality, therefore Max, like the generous friend he was, suited himself to the artist's whim or convenience, and met him, walked or rode with him whenever and however he might.

So long a time had gone by without these pleasant encounters, that Heatherton became uneasy and anxious.

"He may be ill," he thought, and the idea gave the kindhearted fellow pain.

"I'll ride that way as I return from my evening round," he concluded; "perhaps I may see a servant, of whom I may inquire."

But that was an unusually busy day among the sick; it was very late when the doctor's carriage turned homeward, and while it was still in the lower portion of the town, an old colored woman hailed it with some excitement of manner—

"Stop a minute, Mr. Doctorman," she cried, "I'se out of breff running after you. I wants you to come with me to whar there's a mighty sick old gemman; and I hopes you'll 'cuse me for hollering after you—kase master's dreffal bad, an' dat's a fact."

Without waiting to hear more, Dr. Heatherton turned his horse's head in the direction she indicated as being "just round dar by de next corner," and after going considerably farther than her pantomime seemed to demand, stopped in front of a small and very old house away down in the south-eastern part of the city, whose windows were tightly closed with solid wooden shutters, of a dull green color.

His conductress paused and looked at him alighting, with her hand on the door-knob. She had walked briskly beside the carriage all the way, the doctor keeping pace with her, and resting his tired horse as they went along.

"You'll have to be mighty smart to git old master to take physic," she said, "and like enough, if he can keep from groaning, he'll swear he ain't sick a mite; don't mind him, honey; dat's his way; and 'member what I tell you—he's most dead; he groans and moans, so that it's awful to hear him."

With this introduction she opened the front-door, and preceding Dr. Heatherton across a narrow entry into a small, sparely-furnished front-room, ushered him at once into a back apartment, where there was a little iron-bedstead, with a mattress, on which was stretched an old and wofully attenuated Frenchman, tossing about in nervous pain, and muttering to himself in his native tongue.

"Rosetta," he cried out in a sharp, quavering tone, "where have you been, you cruel creature? I am dying of thirst, and my arms are too weak to reach the table."

"I done told you so, master," cried Rosetta eagerly, "I told you you was dreffal bad, and must have a doctor to fetch you all right again; den I goes and gets de doctor and yere he is, master, ready to make you well."

The old man raised himself by a powerful effort, and peered anxiously forward; his eyes were weak and bleared, but they moved restlessly and suspiciously around, and seemed to fear a discovery of some kind from their frightened and uneasy glances.

Yet, when he spoke, his manner was full of a conciliating suavity and obsequiousness.

"Ah, doctor, you are too good. I beg your pardon for the trouble my servant has given you. I am slightly indisposed, to be sure," he admitted, shrugging his poor, wasted, old shoulders in his effort to make little of his illness, "but my kind Rosetta is too easily alarmed."

Dr. Heatherton drew near and took his patient's hand in his; hot and feverish, with a flying pulse, and a tremor pervading every fibre.

"My good sir, your servant has not been too anxious; you need care, and should have had it much sooner," he said, gravely; and, utterly disregarding the man's strange determination to make light of his own sufferings, he proceeded to prescribe for his case, enjoining the strictest caution and attention in the administering of the remedies he ordered.

"I will stay with you until your woman carries this prescription to the nearest druggist," he continued. "I prefer seeing you take the first dose, and giving some further directions for the night."

But at this proposition the Frenchman exhibited much alarm, and looked helplessly at his servant, who doggedly persisted in following the physician's orders.

She received the paper from his hand, and, going to her master, demanded money for the price.

"I'm too poor to spend much on medicine, you know, Rosetta," he said warningly. "I have a trifle here—a very small sum, and it is all, absolutely all," he kept muttering as he took out an old silk handkerchief from under his pillow, and began to loosen a knot in it with his teeth.

Rosetta, presuming on his weakness, helped him to select a piece of silver from among the treasure in rather a forcible way, and he fell back gasping on his pillow, with the handkerchief still clutched in his hand.

When he recovered from his exertion he began to talk about himself in a nervous, voluble way, telling the doctor that he was a carver, and pointing to a curious kind of machine in the corner, covered over with some old curtains, as a turning lathe.

"It is very odd-looking to you, I suppose," he said, looking with eager curiosity into the doctor's face, "but that is what it is, it could not be anything else, you know, because my trade is to carve and turn things. Do you see those little boxes?" he pointed to two or three fancy-carved toys on the chest of drawers at his bed-side, and solemnly assured the physician that they were his work, repeating it over and over again in a tiresome way that made Heatherton begin to suspect him of an intent to deceive.

He continued to ramble on about his business and his proficiency in it until Rosetta came back, when the medicine being properly prepared, the doctor gave it to him, and told Rosetta just when it was to be repeated, and much more concerning the care it was necessary to take of the sick man.

Having concluded his rather extended directions, he turned to go, but at the door of the sick room suddenly encountered two men, who seemed to come in as noiselessly as if they trod on air.

One was a short, square built fellow, with a coarse, red face and heavy brows.

Something familiar in his expression and movements struck Heatherton at the first glance, but the other remained but a single instant in view. No sooner had the doctor become fully aware of his presence, than he was gone, how or where no one could tell, not a sound was made, no door creaked or step moved, he simply disappeared from sight.

Yet, that was not so strange to Heatherton as that he should have met him there at all, for to his intense amazement, and beyond the possibility of doubt, the short man's companion was none other than Eugene Blanchard!

"It is my friend, Mr. Brown, from the country, come to inquire for his poor, old neighbor's health," cried the Frenchman, in a quavering voice at the sight of the short man, but the doctor could not tell by his manner whether he was conscious of his companion's presence also.

"Ah, my friend, I am but weak and ailing, as this good doctor assures me. I need care and medical skill. Shall I not come to your place, when the summer shall again return to make the land bright and warm?"

The stranger returned a gruff and rather unintelligible reply to this inquiry, and the Frenchman, detaining the doctor, continued to insist that his friend was a farmer and lived in the country, with as much persistence as he had used in establishing his own claim to the trade of a carver.

Rosetta grinned meantime, and the stranger himself expressing his opinion "that old Loubette was cackling like a darned fool," growled his way into the sick room and flung himself into a chair.

As Heatherton went out he looked narrowly around the small front room to detect any means of egress that might account for his friend's sudden disappearance, but found none that were visible.

He discovered, however, that the floors gave out no sound, as you trod upon them, and even the doors moved perfectly noiselessly as they closed behind him.

"A queer place, queer people, but queerest of all that Eugene should have been among them. What *can* it mean?"

As Heatherton asked himself the question, he sprang into his carriage, and, as he rode homeward, he kept repeating it, with no effect beyond increasing his own wonder.

"That old fellow is no carver; there's some hidden mystery in that machinery under those covers; and that coarse-looking fellow, who is he? O, I have it, he is the rough the old woman called Jim, and who was in that down-town house where I was sent for to see that poor girl I wanted Eugene to paint."

Having traced this connecting link, Heatherton only found the interest and mystery of the case increased; and unable to solve it, at once determined to pay old Loubette an early visit next morning, and keep his eyes open as to all that might occur there during his stay.

CHAPTER XV.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

As Marian stooped over her father's pillow one morning in giving him his medicine, he said softly—

"I wish your sister were here."

"I think she would like to come," Marian said, hesitatingly; "I think she must feel very strange and lonely in that great city away from us all."

"Yes, yes, the plan was not good," Mr. Barton murmured, more to himself than to his daughter, as it appeared by his musing tone. "Many things that seemed right to me while I was moving and bustling around, have not borne the test of quiet examination as I lie here able to do nothing but think."

Then he turned toward Marian and said more cheerfully—

"As soon as I get my strength back and am fairly started in business again, I shall make great changes in my old plans, and the first will be to have Lucy home here with you, my child."

"I shall be so glad, so happy," his daughter answered, and she turned aside to hide the tears that filled her eyes as her father talked of his hope of recovery.

Allan and her mother looked on it as a matter of course, and both of them alluded to the sickness as only temporary.

"I think father will be better for having this rest," Allan had remarked that very morning, and Mrs. Barton told Marian to promise Miss Gauzewell to do overwork at some future time so as to get her full pay that week.

"We sha'n't need it so much when your father is up and able to work; it is his medicines and all that sort of expense that comes so heavy now," she said.

With this last injunction Marian went out to try her energies in another day's struggle with disappointment, and as she left the door-step she prayed earnestly for strength and patience not to give up until she had obtained some work, however hard or ill paid.

As she walked along, trying to remember some source yet untried, she saw a boy with two or three large paper boxes in his arms, piled one on the other, hurrying forward in advance of her.

The sidewalk was slippery, and the temptation to try its smooth surface in a slide seemed to overcome the lad, for he started off in a short run, and then went skimming along very satisfactorily until he met a tree-box in his progress, when he and his boxes went over together, and sprawled and scattered across the pavement in great confusion.

As Marian kindly stooped to help him, she wondered a good deal at the contents of these same boxes, which proved to be male and female dresses, made of silks, velvets and satins in the gayest possible colors and the oddest imaginable shapes and devices. Accompanying these varied and splendid garments were hats and headdresses of equal gorgeousness and rarity of design, and as she helped to replace them in their original order, Marian inquired from whence they came and what they were to be used for.

"They're dresses for the great fancy ball, you know," said the youth. "Madame Tinzler sent 'em up to be tried on, and I was just going back as quick as I could, for we're in an awful hurry at our place, when my foot slipped and I came down. I hope I haven't spoilt anything." And he looked carefully into each box to see that its contents were in proper order.

"When you say you are busy, do you mean that you need any one to work for you?" inquired Marian eagerly.

"Yes, I was sent for one of our old hands this morning, but she's been married, and she won't go out to work any more, and now I expect I'll have to run all over town hunting some one else."

"Please let me go with you to your place," Marian said, so earnestly that the boy looked at her with astonishment.

"Do you know how to sew and cut out things?" he asked, foreseeing with satisfaction a prospect of supplying the needed aid without farther search.

"Yes; that is, I am very quick at learning, and understand common dressmaking very well."

"Then you come on," said the youth, starting off with his boxes in high good humor.

They reached their destination before long, and Marian found herself ascending the dingy stairs of a down-town business house, on the door of which was a sign representing a brilliantly-dressed page, with a velvet cap and sweeping plume, and Mad. Tinzler, Costumer, written below it.

Mad. Tinzler's place was one of the best of its sort, and she had show-rooms with glass cases and splendidly-dressed figures inside of them.

She was a sharp, quick-mannered person, with strong business capacities, and before she had talked with Marian ten minutes, she agreed to receive her at a salary quite equal to that she had received at Miss Gauzewell's.

"And if you have a friend that you can recommend, I can find work for two, at least while the gay season lasts," said Madame Tinzler.

"Oh, I am so glad, so thankful," burst forth Marian in irrepressible gratitude; "my sister is coming home, and I was so anxious to have her employed with me. She is an excellent worker, and possesses far more taste and tact in such things than I do."

"That remains to be seen, you may be partial," said Mad. Tinzler, smiling dryly, "sisters sometimes are, you know; but I'm willing to try you both, so you can bring her when you come on Monday morning."

It was Saturday and Marian had volunteered to stay and help during the day, so with a relieved and thankful heart she seated herself by a great table covered with flashy silk and velvet, and began sewing away as briskly as possible.

Her readiness and capability seemed to have made her a favorite at once with her employer, and when she rose up at nightfall and began to put on her things to go home, Madame Tinzler said—

"If your sister suits me as well as you do, we shall get on very well, I think. Good evening, and be sure to be in time on Monday."

"I am not certain about the time my sister will come home." Marian faltered. "I think, that is I hope very much indeed that she may be here soon; but—but—"

"Well," interrupted the costumer, "you will only have to do the more until she comes if you wish to keep the place for her."

Marian very readily promised to do this, and went away with a lighter heart than she had carried for many a day.

As she walked onward, however, the knowledge of their present needs oppressed her again.

Her mother confidently expected her to return with her week's pay, and had even directed her what to purchase with it.

They were in want of household necessaries, and to go home without anything was out of the question.

"In a week I shall have my pay from Madame Tinzler, but we cannot wait for a week," she sighed.

Then she drew up her sleeve slowly, and looked long and sorrowfully at a small shining band of gold that clasped her arm.

It was the only gift she had ever received from Eugene, the only memento she had of the innocent love she was forced to bury and hide forever in the silent depths of her aching heart, yet she must part with it.

She pressed it to her lips passionately again and again, and then hastening forward until she reached a shop where such things were bought or left in pledge, she went in without pausing an instant for her courage to cool.

Her bargain was soon concluded, and she came out again with the same hasty step, and went on till she reached the grocer's corner, only a few squares from her own home.

Here she made her purchases, adding a small bottle of wine and some other delicacies to the list for her poor father's benefit.

She was going on with her arms burdened, and rather crowded with packages, and had reached the open lot where the poplars were, when she heard her name uttered in a weak, appealing voice, and saw rising before her startled eyes, the figure of her poor sister, disordered, pale, and even bloodstained.

She had apparently been crouching among the tree-trunks waiting for her appearance, and at sight of her tottered forth with outstretched hands, and a cry so piteous that Marian's heart must have answered it, even if it were steeled against the poor wanderer.

As it was, the strong, yearning tenderness of Marian's soul burst forth in an answering tone of love and welcome, as she hastily dropped her burdens and opened wide her arms.

"My own darling sister, my poor dear, my poor dear!" she cried, and held the drooping, shivering form close to her own warm breast.

Lucy's dress was torn and loose, she had a light shawl wrapped closely round her, but wore neither bonnet nor head-covering of any kind.

"I got your letter. Pat the boy gave it to me," she faltered in broken sentences. "I tried to get away, but *she* watched me, till at last I risked my life and jumped from the window to the yard. I could not stay, I had to do it even if it killed me!"

"But it did not, and you are here safe and well with your loving sister, never to part again in this world," cried Marian, caressingly. "Come, let me wipe your poor scarred face, it is cut here on the temple I see; there, I'll put my veil round your head so, and here's my shawl to cover your dress. That will do; now we can go home, and you shall lie in your own old room and take a long rest that will make you feel as if your absence were only a dream."

As she talked thus soothingly Marian's brain was busy. What should she say, how should she manage, and what plan was the best to save Lucy from inquiry and detection?

She could only pray Heaven to guide her and keep up her courage amid the exciting whirl of thought caused by the scene just enacted, and that yet to be performed.

They reached the door of their house; it stood partly ajar, so did the door to the sitting-room, whence Mrs. Barton's tones came in gasps of terrified grief. Breathlessly Marian stole in in advance of Lucy, and drawing near the room from which her mother's cries issued took one quick view of the scene.

When she turned toward her sister her face was deadly white, and she could not speak. She opened wide the entrance door and pointed to the little chamber overhead.

Lucy, trembling on the threshold, understood the motion.

"I can go in and you will spare me from their questions and surprise?" she asked, still fearful and shrinking.

Marian bowed her head, and her sister sped silently up the narrow stairs and entered the room above.

There was another guest in the small sitting-room, a guest so solemn and awful that all other emotion was lost in the one absorbing feeling his presence brought with it.

He had come just as Marian looked into the apartment, and her mother's stricken cry had hailed his dread appearance.

It was Death—and John Barton's life, with all its foibles, mistakes and empty scheming, had gone out like a light suddenly extinguished in the chill air of his dark-sweeping pinions.

His wife lay half-fainting on his body, and his son stood amazed and half-stupefied by the event he had not the experience to foresee.

Marian stood one moment contemplating the scene, then sank on her knees beside her mother. Sorrow, anxiety, expectation, and above all, an intense yearning to save the returned wanderer, all swayed her throbbing heart, and expressed themselves in the silent prayer:

"God have mercy on my dear father, and grant that we may be united here and in Heaven!"

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

CLAUDIA'S TRIUMPH.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

BITTER WATERS.

Oh, my Amy, cruel-hearted! Oh, my Amy, mine no more!
Oh the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh, the barren, barren shore!—*Tennyson.*

Mrs. Eversfield strove in vain to speak as Frank Vavasour presented himself before her. Could it be real? she asked herself, with shuddering dread. Had the merciless sea in very deed given up its dead, or was it but a freak of her imagination? His face was terribly wan and worn, and his sunken eyes and attenuated frame told all too plainly of a long-suffering endurance of sickness and privation.

She rose hastily from the low chair on which she was seated, and stood looking at him, uncertain whether it was reality or some wild fancy of her over-excited mind, that she saw him thus palpably before her.

"Frank—Mr. Vavasour!" she gasped out, in choked accents, at length.

"Yes, madam, it is I."

"You—here!"

"An unwelcome visitor, doubtless," he replied; "but my stay will be short."

"Alive!" she murmured.

She could not believe yet.

"Yes, Mrs. Eversfield," the young man answered, in a voice in which there was no touch of feeling or of passion, it was so hard and cold in its freezing accents, "alive—most inopportunely, as it appears."

"No, no, Mr. Vavasour, believe me—"

"What am I to believe, madam?" he inquired, as she hesitated.

"I did not know, indeed I did not, that you had escaped."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Eversfield, I cannot readily believe you in that. The devilish arts which you must have used to bring about the lying ceremony of this morning—would to Heaven that I had gone down with my ship ere ever I had lived for such a homecoming—the deception which you have been guilty of, the letters that you must have suppressed—"

"Stop, sir!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "You are going too far, Mr. Vavasour. We have received no letters from you."

"No letters?"

"None."

"Oh, if I dared believe you!"

"You may, indeed."

"But to what purpose?" he continued, turning fiercely upon her, and she cowered back in terror at the vehemence of his manner. "Can any amount of belief give me back my lost love. What matters it how I have been deceived—betrayed? The bitter fact remains: I have been tricked—duped of my promised bride; and you, you have helped my enemies."

He sank into a chair as he finished, and burying his face in his hands, wept such burning, scalding tears as are only possible for a man; and Mrs. Eversfield felt that his was a grief too deep for mere empty words of consolation to be of any use, and sat silent until the paroxysm was over.

"Mr. Vavasour—Frank," she said, at length, as he grew calmer, explain what you have said. Believe me, we had no letter from you—not one, upon my soul."

"I will try and think so," he replied, in a quieter tone. "I wrote two letters from the South Seas—how I got there I will explain at some other time—both of them telling you I was safe and well, and hoped soon to follow them. Mrs. Eversfield, I wrote those letters in all faith and trust—in the full belief that the protectress to whom I had left my love, the only star of my existence, would help her to keep up heart, and hope and wait in trusting patience for our reunion."

"I did not know—how should I?" sobbed poor Mrs. Eversfield; but her companion took no notice of the interruption, and went on—

"How was my faith rewarded? I came home full of hopes as bright as Heaven, to have them dashed down to the hell of the bitterest disappointment by the sight I saw this morning. I came to seek my promised wife—mine in the sight of Heaven—and find her plighting her vows at the altar to another man, while you were standing by. Now, Mrs. Eversfield, can you give me an account of your stewardship?"

"You forget yourself, Mr. Vavasour," said the lady, stung to self-defence by the young man's manner, and striving to assume a haughty tone, though she was trembling with suppressed agitation. "I am Miss Bouverie's friend, not her keeper, and in no way responsible for her actions."

"No, you are not her keeper, Mrs. Eversfield—she is a free English girl—but you were more; you were her friend, her confidant, adviser. She looked up to you as the guide and the director of her actions. How have you guided them?"

"She acted of her own free will, Mr. Vavasour, and disposed of her hand as she thought fit. There was no force put upon her inclinations—there was none needed."

"Perhaps not," returned Frank, bitterly; "my rival was a peer, and a rich one. I am but a poor man, who must earn the bread he eats."

"You are ungenerous!"

"Maybe, Mrs. Eversfield. But, look you, it was only Heaven's mercy that murder was not done at yonder church this morning."

"Murder?"

"Yes; when a man comes thousands of miles for a loving look and soft caress from the one his heart holds dearer than all earth or Heaven—when he has had but one image in his heart through months and months of weary voyaging—and then the first thing that he hears is that his love is false, the first sight he sees of her is her face blushing beneath her bridal veil as she yields to a husband's first kiss—it would be small wonder even if his brain turned and reeled to the madness which makes of men murderers."

And he paced the room excitedly with long, quick strides, while Mrs. Eversfield sat bewildered by the torrent of words which had just been poured forth upon her.

At last she mustered courage to speak.

"Mr. Vavasour, I implore you, listen to me. Alma was not false to you. We all thought you dead; there came no news to the contrary. The newspapers said that all were lost, and her friends could not counsel her to refuse Lord Nortonshall. It would have been utter madness on her part to have done so."

"Ah, madam, I know what such counselling means. You take a poor girl whose heart is wrung by the loss of him she loves, and you din into her ears that he is dead, and she will never see him again. You prate to her about having a spirit, and hiding from the world that she has the natural feelings of a woman. You put the man you want her to marry constantly before her, and in the most favorable light, till, wearied out at last, she yields from very weakness."

"You take a very offensive view of the subject, Mr. Vavasour," the lady said in a haughty tone.

"I take a true one, madam. You have not, perhaps, actually forced your niece into a marriage distasteful to her, but you have done your best to make her forget me. But in that, at least, you have failed. She has not forgotten. I saw that much in her face this morning, when her eyes met mine in the church."

"You were there then, and she saw you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, it was unmanly, ungenerous of you, Mr. Vavasour!"

"Indeed! I think not. Would I had arrived there sooner; but I was too late. Had I but been there one half hour earlier, yonder wedding would not have taken place—that is, if she still loves me, as I believe she does."

"You are mistaken, sir. My niece could never so far forget what was due to herself and to me, to say nothing of Lord Nortonshall, as to have attempted to break off the match at the altar."

"I do not know her if she would not have done so. Unless you have changed her very nature, she is true as steel."

"This is too much, sir," said the lady, indignantly. "I trust, Mr. Vavasour, that you will remember she is a married woman now, and spare me any further comments on the subject."

"Oh, do not be alarmed, madam; I am not going to interfere with her married felicity. I love Alma too well to make her more unhappy than she is by intruding my presence upon her now."

"I am glad to hear you say so, sir. I was afraid—"

"That I should go down to Nortonshall, I suppose, and, taxing her with perfidy, make scenes and demonstrations to add to her distress, and for the amusement of the whole neighborhood. You need have no fear of that, Mrs. Eversfield. I may suffer, but my misery, however great, will not show itself in that form."

"Oh, Mr. Vavasour, believe me I am very sorry—indeed, indeed, I am. I can only assure you that this would never have happened but for our full belief in the news of your death. I trust most sincerely that you will get over this bitter disappointment, for I know it must be such to you, and meet with another who will console you with her love, and make you happy yet."

"Don't speak of such a hope to me, Mrs. Eversfield," he answered, bitterly. "I have hoped on till now through everything. When the charred timbers of the Arethusa went whirling into the air as her magazine blew up, and the blazing fragments flew over and around me as I struggled to keep myself afloat in the dark waters, Alma's bright smile and loving eyes seemed to beam upon me, bidding me be calm and brave. I hoped through all the horrors of that dreadful day and night, when but one other man and myself, clinging to two spars, survived out of all our brave crew. I hoped through all my sufferings, cheered by the thought that, come what would, she would never cease to love me; and what has that hope done for me at last?"

He bowed his head upon his hands as he spoke, and again one of the tearless sobs which tell something of a strong man's agony broke from his chest.

Mrs. Eversfield was weeping now. She was not all heartless, and though much of what he had said to her was very true in its bitterness, she felt for the misery and pain which was apparent in his voice.

"Mr. Vavasour—Frank," she said, "I would soften the pain of this blow to you if I could, but I cannot. I *did* counsel Alma to the marriage you witnessed this morning, but it was not done with any want of faith in you. We waited eighteen months for tidings of you, and none came. I can offer no further extenuation."

"There is none needed, madam. A poor eighteen months would have been small time for me to forget in, but perhaps it is different with women. However, it is past now. May I beg you to offer my congratulations to Lady Nortonshall, and wish her, on my part, every happiness that this world can afford."

He turned away as he spoke, but Mrs. Eversfield intercepted him upon his way to the door.

"Do not go in anger, Mr. Vavasour; it may be long before we meet again."

"I trust it will, madam. The world is my only home now—my only bride the sea."

"And you will try not to think too hardly of poor Alma. Do not let this disappointment embitter your future life. You are young yet, with years of happiness before you."

"Happiness!" he repeated, fiercely; then more quietly, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Eversfield. Whatever I may become, Alma Bonverie will have made me. Remember that, if in after years you hear Frank Vavasour's name bandied about as that of a man who is utterly reckless as to what becomes of him, as from this hour I am. Heaven help me! Nay, tears and entreaties are useless, Mrs. Eversfield; you should have thought of sorrow and repentance before. I have neither letters nor gifts to return to Miss Bonverie—I beg her pardon, Lady Nortonshall. The treacherous sea, which has robbed me of all save my worthless life—would that had been taken too—has claimed every token of her love for me. Curious, was it not? Almost like a warning to me of the greeting I should find on my return."

She made no answer to his bitter words; she was sorely repentant now for having hurried on this marriage, knowing, as she did, of Alma's unchanged love for Frank; and she dreaded, with a foreboding that would not be shaken off, what the future might bring forth.

But repentance came too late. Nothing but death could sever the knot which that day had tied Alma Bonverie to another man, and Mrs. Eversfield thought of this as she rose and held out her hand to her visitor.

"Shake hands with me, Frank," she said, "and try to look upon the bright side of things. I won't ask you to come here again, for all our sakes; but try to think of us all as friends, and if in any way we can serve you—"

"I could take no service from any one I once loved—who loved me, and betrayed me, madam."

"At any rate you will promise me one thing before you go?"

"I do not know—what is it?"

"I know that I need scarcely ask it from your honorable nature, but still your assurance would be a satisfaction to me—"

"Well, madam, your wish?"

"That you will not see Alma, nor communicate with her. She is not strong, nor—well, I will say the word—nor happy. Give her time to become so—to have forgotten your love in that of the man to whom she is bound—before she sees you."

"You need not have asked me this, indeed," he replied, with kindling cheeks and flashing eyes. "Neither my love nor my misery, deep as they both are, have made of me a scoundrel as yet. I have no wish to disturb the conjugal happiness of my lord and his wife, still less to make a weak, fickle woman wretched with the remembrance of the wrong she has wrought and cannot undo. I pledge you my word—and it used to be worth something—that I will never seek your niece so long as she is a happy, honored wife. I will never even greet her should we meet by chance, as we may happen to do in our passage through the world, unless she makes the first move of recognition."

"Thank you, indeed, I thank you, Mr. Vavasour—though I might have known without extorting a promise from you."

"And now, once more, Mrs Eversfield, good-bye. Neither you nor yours will be troubled by me again, until I have kept the vow I made to myself at Westerpark."

"Vow! what vow?"

"To find out the murderer of your brother, Mrs. Eversfield. I have only one clue, and that a slight one—a man's glove—you remember it, I dare say; and I mean to follow it up. It is the only object I have in life now, and when it is fulfilled I shall have paid many a debt of gratitude I owe to the memory of one who was to me as a father. Good-bye."

He was gone before she had recovered from her astonishment at his last words, and she heard the door clang to after him with a mingled sense of relief and dread.

"Poor Frank," she murmured, "it is hard for him, very hard; but he will get over it. Heaven grant that he may keep his word, and not go to Nortonshall after all."

And what were Frank Vavasour's thoughts as he walked swiftly away from the house he had looked forward to entering with such a bright future before him? Was this to be the end of all, after all his hair-breadth escapes? for after the burning of the Arethusa and the picking up of the two survivors by the boat of a brigantine, they were again wrecked in rounding Cape Horn, and spent months of misery on that desolate coast before they were taken off by a sailing ship bound for Tahiti. After all this, after the long agony of hope deferred and wearying doubt, it was an awful blow to come home and find it desolate—to find the bright angel, who should have been the light and comfort of his life, had spread her wings and taken flight to another sphere.

Yes, it was an agony almost too great to be borne, and it was painted in such lines upon his face that the passer-by turned more than once to look at the haggard, worn-looking stranger who paced the crowded streets so unsteadily. Some opined that he was drunk—others mad. So he was.

Drunk with despair, mad with the torture of terrible disappointment! His brain reeled, his limbs trembled under him, now that he was out of Mrs. Eversfield's sight, and the excitement which had borne him up and given him a fictitious strength was over; and when Frank Vavasour reached the lodging he had taken, it was only to fall prone on the floor in utter unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XI.

REPENTING AT LEISURE.

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly:
All others are but vanity.

* * * * *

Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish when they have their birth.
—*Southey.*

Alma found the rest and peace which she was so longing for when she reached her future home. Her husband was devoted to her, and the servants who thronged the old house were willing and cheerful, and one and all in love with their young mistress.

The soft spring weather was bringing into blossom the trees and flowers which grew in her pretty garden, and spoke of peace and happiness to her benumbed heart. She strove not to think of the past, and endeavored to banish from her memory the image of the face which had looked down upon her in the church.

Whether it was reality or phantom she had not yet discovered, for she had asked no questions upon the subject, and Mrs. Eversfield had deemed it best for her niece's peace of mind that she should let the matter be buried in oblivion, so far as she could answer for; and Alma determined that she would do her duty in a cheerful spirit in the new and untried sphere of action to which her destiny had led her so unwillingly.

But it was hard. Everything around her was so strange and unfamiliar. The strange northern dialect of those about her, and the ways and dress of the strange Yorkshire people, amused and interested her for a time; and she gradually regained her cheerfulness, while a faint tinge of color began to take possession of her pale, wan cheek.

Ere a week was passed, Lord Nortonshall began to think she had got over her indisposition, and congratulating himself upon her recovered looks, commenced to plan all sorts of future gayeties for her; and she acquiesced, and seemed to enter into all his schemes with her old smiles and good temper.

"Yes," said his lordship to himself, as he left her one morning after making arrangements for a picnic they were to give, "she is more like the Alma Bonverie I used to know in the old times at Westerpark, than I have ever seen her since that fearful night on which her father was murdered."

And so it was with her, indeed. The pure air of the Yorkshire wolds was restoring her to health and strength, and the simple, quiet way in which they lived had its effect upon her spirits as well.

It was about ten days after their arrival at Nortonshall that she was sitting in the pleasant breakfast-room waiting for her husband to join her at the morning meal.

Very lovely she looked, in her pale blue morning-dress of simple make, with a slenderly fashioned gold chain around her swan-like neck—the only ornament she wore save her glossy hair, which was curled in rich profusion around her head. She wore no rings save her wedding-ring, and the splendid keeper, flashing with tiny diamonds, which Lord Nortonshall had slipped upon her finger on the wedding morning, and her white hands were toying in a graceful fashion with the costly breakfast service.

It was a new thing to her lord and master to have his breakfast so served to him: he was used to the many minor discomforts of a bachelor life, and it was refreshing to the jaded man about town to have a pretty woman handing him all he required with a loving grace.

He was somewhat late this morning, and the servant brought in the letter bag and the papers, and laid them upon the table.

Alma took up the *Times* and began to read. It was not often that she looked at the paper, for she was no politician, and the ordinary topics of the day possessed but little interest for her. This morning, however, she turned the sheet, still damp from the press, scarcely knowing why she did so, reading, now an advertisement, and now a paragraph, until she chanced on one, the very sight of which made her heart leap with a sudden bound, and then stand still.

"What, what is this?" she gasped, as with straining eyes she devoured the paragraph. It was not long, and was headed in large letters—

"ROMANTIC ESCAPE OF AN OFFICER IN HER MAJESTY'S NAVY. TIDINGS OF H.M.S. ARETHUSA."

It was some few minutes before she could steady her beating heart sufficiently to be able to read what followed—and when she did, the letters were blurred and indistinct to her eyes:—

"News has at length arrived of H.M.S. Arethusa, burnt in the Southern Ocean in the August of the year before last. It was supposed that the whole of the crew had perished; but such, it now appears, was not the case, Lieutenant Francis Vavasour, R. N., and James Thomson, able seaman, having been picked up at sea on the following day, by the barque John Ingles, from Plymouth to California. The John Ingles was afterward wrecked off Cape Horn, no lives being lost, however, and thus Mr. Vavasour and his companion were again exposed to the horrors of a sea disaster. They were taken off the coast, after months of unparalleled suffering, by the brig Antony, bound for Tahiti—from which place they sailed to England in the ship Clytemnestra. James Thomson died on the homeward voyage, thus leaving Lieutenant Vavasour the sole survivor of the dreadful tragedy, which destroyed one of the finest ships in Her Majesty's service. The news of this young officer's escape has only just reached us, he having been very ill since his arrival in England, from the long period of anxiety and privation which he has endured."

When Lord Nortonshall entered the breakfast-room, his wife's head was bent down upon the crumpled paper, and her hands were hanging listlessly by her side.

He rushed to her in alarm.

"Alma, darling," he exclaimed, "what has happened? Tell me, my dearest, what is the matter?"

There was no response; the eyes were closed, and the pale face looked like death itself.

He raised her inanimate form gently, and his eye caught the heading of the paragraph.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "It was no fancy, then; he is alive still, curse him! And she loves him yet."

But whatever his inward disturbance might have been, his manner toward his unconscious wife was gentleness itself. He had not tired of her yet, and there was a woman's tenderness about him as he took her in his arms and carried her to her room, after summoning her maid to her assistance.

Then he watched until he saw the color come back to her face, and her eyes open once more, when he went down-stairs to read the paragraph which had so affected her, and to look over his letters.

"Has the fellow as many lives as a cat, that the sea turns him back upon our hands like this?" he said to himself, when he had laid the paper down. "I only hope, for his own sake, that he may not come across my path, that's all."

There was an evil expression in his eyes as he spoke, which made his usually calm face look like a demon's—a look which Alma had never seen there yet, though the time was to come in which it would be painfully familiar to her—and he rose, to pace up and down his room impatiently.

After a few turns, however, he sat down again, outwardly calm, at least, and began to turn over his letters.

"Ladies first," he muttered. "Let me see what my dear Mrs. Eversfield has to say."

Not much, but nothing very pleasant, apparently, to judge from the dark face of the reader.

"Carlton-terrace, Tuesday.

"MY DEAR LORD NORTONSHALL—I have been hesitating for more than a week past whether to write to you on a subject which I know will be very disagreeable to you or not; but I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to place you upon your guard. Frank Vavasour is not dead. It was no fancy of Alma's that she saw him, for he was actually in the church, and witnessed your wedding, and afterwards forced himself in here. I verily believe that his troubles have turned his brain, and that at the present moment he is not responsible for his actions, for he behaved to me in the wildest and strangest manner, accusing me of suppressing letters, though Heaven knows none ever came from him to Alma, and altogether he went on very strangely. I was quite alarmed, and thoroughly relieved when he left the house; but, take it altogether, it is a very wretched affair, and I sincerely wish I had never had anything to do with it. You must use your own discretion in telling Alma about this, if, indeed, I have not fancied the business altogether, as I sometimes half fancy that I have, for, what is, perhaps, the oddest part of the affair, nobody but myself seems to have seen him or heard of him. He came and went like a ghost. Only one of my servants saw him—a man who has only been in the house about six months. Give my best love to Alma. I trust that the Yorkshire air is agreeing with her, and that you are enjoying yourself this lovely weather, and believe me yours ever sincerely,

"LAURA EVERSFIELD.

"Lord Nortonshall."

"She's right; it is a deuced unpleasant business," he muttered, crushing the letter in his hand, and throwing it behind the fire. "A nice life I shall have of it if my wife takes to fainting every time she hears that man's name. What the deuce shall I say to her? I suppose that I had better go up and have it out with her, as the servant-girls say when they quarrel with their sweethearts, though I don't think that there'll be any quarrel in this instance. Hallo! Why, my darling, is that you?"

It was indeed Alma herself, very pale, and tottering a little as she came, but calm and self-possessed for all that.

"I am so sorry, dear," she said, though it required a great effort to suppress the swelling in her throat, and speak calmly. "I am afraid that I have spoiled your breakfast. Indeed, indeed I am grieved."

"Never mind, my love, so long as you are better. I am not surprised at your agitation, darling. I must see if I cannot make you forget all about it. You see there is danger in random reading of newspaper paragraphs."

"I was afraid that you would be very angry," she whispered, as he drew her close to him, till her head rested upon his shoulder.

"Angry! Oh, no," he said, with a short laugh, though, could she have seen his face, there was a look upon it which belied his words. "Why should I be angry? Your emotion was but quite natural. But we'll change the subject, dearest, and talk of something else. What do you say to a trip to Brighton?"

"To Brighton, Graham?"

"Yes; wouldn't you like it? I think the change and sea air would set you up again. Your nerves require toning. Say, shall we go?"

"I should like it very much."

"Well, then, we'll be off to-morrow, and go to the theatre in the evening. Claudia is playing there. You've heard me speak of her?"

"The actress? Yes."

"I'll introduce her to you. You will like her, I'm sure."

"Introduce her to me! Oh, no, Graham, I would rather not."

"Why not, my dear?"

"I don't know, but I seem as though I don't care to know an actress."

"You may lay your prejudices aside in her case, Alma. She is as good and pure as yourself, and is admitted to the best society. It is a common mistake to fancy that a woman cannot be true to herself and to her sex because she is an actress. Claudia is a noble creature, Alma—one whom even you might be proud to rank among your friends."

The subject dropped, and the next day saw them comfortably established at a first-class hotel in Brighton, and after dinner they drove to the theatre.

Lord Nortonshall watched the piece with great interest, and Alma could not but confess, despite her prejudices, that the actress was indeed divinely beautiful.

"Well," said her husband, as the curtain fell, and the actress came forward in response to the "call" from all parts of the house, "what do you think of her?"

"I hardly know. She takes my breath away, Graham. I have either dreamed of or seen her before."

"In London, perhaps."

"No, not there. It's like remembering an indistinct dream—as if— Oh-h!"

Her voice died away in a low moan, and her features grew rigid. She had caught sight of something or some one, and, following her eyes, his lordship saw his old rival, Frank Vavasour. He was seated in the stalls, not looking at them, but watching with earnest eyes the curtseying actress on the stage.

CHAPTER XII.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Drink, drink,
And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss,
Into the infinite abyss,
From which no plummet or rope
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope.
—*Longfellow.*

Once more did a curse rise to Lord Nortonshall's lips; and, inaudible as he thought it, this time his wife caught the imprecation.

"Oh, Graham!" she murmured, reproachfully.

"Forgive me, my darling," he said, in as tender a tone as he could muster at the moment; "but I cannot bear to see you so constantly worried and agitated. I thought to bring you here to enjoy yourself, never dreaming that that fellow would be here before us."

Alma did not hear the muttered "Curse him!" which ended the sentence, neither did she perceive the look of hatred which came over her husband's face as he spoke the words. Her eyes were still fixed intently on Frank Vavasour's face as he sat there in the seat beneath her, gazing abstractedly at the mimic characters who were just stepping on to the stage for the afterpiece, until she saw him suddenly rise and leave his seat, apparently in obedience to a summons from some one out of sight of her box.

"My darling, what is it?" asked Lord Nortonshall, alarmed at the growing pallor of her features. "What ails you, Alma? Can I get you anything?"

"'Tis nothing, I assure you," she answered, faintly. "But I should be glad of a glass of water, if you can get me one—nothing more."

And he left the box to procure her one.

An attendant speedily fetched him what he required, and he was returning to the box when he met Austin Bertram in the lobby.

They exchanged greetings, and Lord Nortonshall invited Bertram to go in and see his wife. Alma started painfully at the sight of her visitor, but greeted him calmly enough.

"I am glad to see you in Brighton, Lady Nortonshall," said Bertram. "What do you think of La Claudia?"

"Oh, she is certainly a wonderful actress; but, I can't tell why, I feel uncomfortable when I look upon her. She makes me feel as though I had seen her before at some time or another. I can't imagine when, for I never went out in London, and never met her elsewhere, I am certain."

A curious smile passed over Mr. Bertram's dark features.

"That is just what the lady says of me," he answered.

"Indeed!"

"Yes! She told me the other day, with a great deal more freedom than politeness, that my face seemed like a bad dream to her."

"Strange!"

"Exceedingly so; but it can be nothing more than a dream, as my life has been spent almost entirely in India until very lately, and I think it very unlikely that her travels have ever extended so far."

"What can have caused her fancy, I wonder?" said his lordship.

"Some chance resemblance, I suppose," was Mr. Bertram's reply. "But really it is a matter of not the smallest importance to me."

"She is not always so brusque," continued Lord Nortonshall; "at least I never found her to be so."

"Probably not. she can be sweet enough to those she likes. You were, and are, a special favorite with the lady; I am not—that makes all the difference, you see."

"I am not aware," returned the peer, coldly, "that I am especially favored."

"Well, perhaps not. Indeed, if I had to mention the name of her prime favorite I should select young Vavasour."

He checked himself with a well-assumed air of embarrassment, and glanced at Alma from under his eyelids.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Nortonshall," he continued; "I had forgotten. You know, of course, of Mr. Vavasour's return."

"Yes, yes—pray go on. Why do you hesitate? Is he in love with this woman—this wonderful actress?"

"That were almost too much to say; but he certainly behaves in such a manner as to make people believe so."

"How?"

"Well, we have been only in Brighton for three short days, and yet he has contrived to procure an introduction to her, and does nothing but rave about her beauty from morning till night. I must say that the lady herself seems to be very much smitten on her part; and as for him, I make no doubt that he has only left his seat to whisper soft nothings into her ear in the green-room."

"Bah!" ejaculated his lordship. "I don't believe anything of the sort. I have been telling my wife, Bertram, that I should like her to know La Claudia. She is received into society, and not a breath of scandal has ever clouded her good name; but Lady Nortonshall does not seem to credit that an actress can be a good woman."

"Indeed!" said Bertram, turning to Alma as he spoke. "You would lose all your doubts if you were once introduced to her. She is a good, true woman—one you need never be ashamed of knowing."

"The lady should be very grateful for your advocacy," replied Lady Nortonshall, with a slight tinge of sarcasm in her voice. "I am much obliged myself for your proposal to introduce me to her, but feel obliged to decline, however. I have no ambition to become acquainted with an actress or her lovers."

"Why, my dear Alma," said his lordship, "what makes you so bitter?"

"Do you think I appear so? I had no intention of being bitter. I merely expressed what I felt upon the subject. Pray don't allow me to keep you, gentlemen, if you have any strong desire to go and congratulate the heroine of the night. She will doubtless be expecting to see her *old* friends as well as her new ones."

They looked at each other in surprise, her tone was so unlike her. Never before had either of the gentlemen heard her speak in such a fashion; but they wisely abstained from making any remark.

There was an awkward pause, during which Alma kept her head steadily averted from her companions, and then Lord Nortonshall spoke.

"I think I will go," he said, "if you will excuse me. You will not mind being left alone for a few minutes, my love?"

"Pray do not think of me, my lord," she answered, coldly, and with still averted head. "I shall be quite safe and comfortable here by myself, I assure you."

Lord Nortonshall shrugged his shoulders, but made no further remark, and left the box, followed by Austin Bertram.

"I thank you for what you said just now, Bertram," said his lordship, turning to his companion when the door had been closed behind them and they stood in the lobby.

"About what?"

"Why, Claudia, and that young fellow, Vavasour. Not that I think there's any truth in it—but that doesn't matter. You have done more by your little speech in one minute to cure my lady of her romantic infatuation about him than a whole twelvemonths' petting and coddling from me would have accomplished. I don't think that she will care about him any more, or if she does she won't show it. She is plucky, though she does look so pale and fragile."

"I'm glad that my chance speech has been of service," Bertram said, carelessly. "I had forgotten for a moment the former relations between him and your wife."

Lord Nortonshall winced slightly at the remark.

"But do you think," he asked, "that the young fellow really is smitten with Claudia?"

"Hum! I can hardly say. Of one thing I am certain, though."

"And that is—"

"Why, that she is over head and ears in love with him, or I never read woman rightly. As for him, it's nothing in the world but sheer recklessness. The boy is half mad, and ready to rush into any or every sort of excitement that may offer. Drink, gambling, love-making—anything. The fact is, Nortonshall, he is madly in love with your wife yet, and seeks any companionship that may serve to drown his misery."

"By Jove! Bertram, you don't mince matters."

"Why should I?" returned that gentleman, philosophically. "The thing's as plain as daylight, and no amount of reservation can alter it."

"Well, it's a pleasant position for a fellow, I must confess," growled his lordship. "I've a deuced good mind to go abroad. Just think if it should come to an elopement, or anything of that sort, what a confounded ass I should look."

Mr. Bertram smiled—a grim smile. Such a consummation would suit his plans very well, but he did not tell his companion what he thought.

"I don't think you need have any fear upon that score," he said. "Vavasour will never compromise your wife. He may go to the bad himself, at railway speed, but he will not attempt to take her with him."

"If I thought so—"

"You'd shoot him, no doubt."

"Most probably."

"My dear fellow, there will not be the slightest occasion—the fool will kill himself with the life he leads before long, and save you all the trouble. Come along, let us go and pay our *devoirs* to the fair enchantress."

They made their way behind the scenes, and found the lovely actress in the green-room, as beautiful as when upon her first appearance she received the congratulations of her friends. She was scarcely, if at all, altered—a little more of the woman, perhaps—slightly more self-possessed than when they saw her last, but still the same bright, winning creature.

Lord Nortonshall stepped up to her as she sat in her chair, as a queen might sit to receive the homage of her subjects, and she smiled with pleasure as the peer held out his hand toward her, but she shrank slightly from his companion, though she tried to make the greeting as cordial as possible.

"You have been so long a stranger to me, my lord," she said, with the slightly foreign accent which gave such a piquant charm to her speech. "Your time has been very happily spent since last I saw you, I hear."

"Yes—wooing and wedding," broke in Mr. Bertram, while one of the group which surrounded the actress, turned away and bent his head, as though in pain. It was Frank Vavasour.

Austin Bertram continued—

"Yes, mademoiselle, his lordship has been carrying off the fairest lady and the richest heiress to be found. Should he not be very happy?"

"Aye! indeed—indeed he should. It must be a happy thing to be loved."

There was a mournful ring in her voice as she spoke, and after a few more words she rose to go. Lord Nortonshall returned to his box, and mentally contrasted the pale-faced, fair-haired lady who bore his name, with La Claudia's glowing beauty, much to the disadvantage of his wife. The sight of the actress had revived all of his old wild fancy for her, and he was savagely brusque and rude to Alma for the rest of the evening.

Meanwhile, Austin Bertram, after bidding his lordship good-night, returned to the green-room, where he found Frank Vavasour still waiting.

"Come along," he said, touching him on the shoulder. "The sun having set, let us haste away as fast as we can from the darkness that has succeeded."

The young man turned his haggard face toward him, as he answered—

"Leave me alone, Bertram—I have seen her again."

"Who?"

"Alma."

"Lady Nortonshall! Well, my dear fellow what of that? You must learn not to allow the mere sight of her to affect you thus, for she is likely to be the gayest woman of the season, and unless you mean to turn recluse, you will often have your heart wrung by meeting her. Here she is, in the honeymoon as yet, and ruffling it with the best of them. She could not live without the bustle of society even for one little month."

"She must be sorely changed, then. I cannot bear the chance of continually meeting her; I shall leave the country."

"Pshaw! man, you'll not do anything so foolish, so cowardly. What! throw away the best years of your life because a girl has been false to you! Nonsense, Frank. Come and have some brandy, and remember that there are lovely women yet in the world who will 'smile destruction on brave hearts,' as the fellow says in the play."

"Not for me."

"Not for you? And why not? Bah! Why, there's one yonder who would give you her love to-morrow if you had only spirit enough to ask for it. Not for you? The idea of a fellow, with youth and good looks on his side, and a handsome income to boot—and let me tell you that counts for something, even with the most disinterested of them—saying that women are not for him. Take my advice; try one, that's all."

"Who do you mean?"

"Who do I mean? Blind that you are! Who should I mean?"

"I don't understand you."

"Must I speak more plainly? La Claudia, to be sure."

"La Claudia?"

"Yes."

"But—"

"But me no buts. She's smitten with you, my young Adonis, and you'd have seen it before now if you hadn't been the blindest beetle that ever crawled. Here we are at our hotel. Come along, and take something to put a little life into you. Nay, no skulking! You're not going to slink off to bed in that mopish fashion while I am with you."

How Austin Bertram and Frank Vavasour came to be in Brighton together deserves a few words of explanation.

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 9.*)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PETER STUYVESANT, the Last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam. By J. S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

MIND AND BODY. By ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

AGAINST THE STREAM. By the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family," &c. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL. By J. S. HOWSON, D. D., Dean of Chester. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for October. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

OLD AND NEW, for October. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, for October. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE WHITE LADY;

OR,

The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XXI.

THWARTED.

Delia, after her ill-starred union, moved about the house like some automaton; but her mother laid it all to grief at her own approaching end, and was not put out of conceit of her own work.

"It will be best for you now when all is over," she would say sometimes.

But Delia would cry out with exceeding pain—

"Oh, mother, you know I cannot do without you! What will my life be when you are gone?"

"I earnestly hope that it may be bright and happy, my love."

"Without you?"

"You will have a little child one of these days, Delia, to fill the empty place in your heart."

"I would rather keep you."

"But since it cannot be, dear, surely it is wiser to try and gain resignation and courage to meet the blow."

"I must trust to chance for these. I don't feel now as if I ever could be resigned."

"Oh, Delia!"

"It is true, mother."

"But you haven't begun to try yet."

"I can't even pray," she answered, despairingly; "and what is the use? Nothing will save you now."

"Then you have the more need to think of yourself, love."

"I don't want to think of myself. My heart would break downright if I did."

"My dear child"—and Mrs. Coveney took both her daughter's hands with an impressive air—"it is wrong to rebel as you are rebelling now. Everything that happens must be for the best."

It trembled on the girl's lips to say—"My marriage was not for the best," but she checked the impulse just in time.

Her sacrifice would be thrown away if she allowed her mother to have one doubt that could trouble the repose of her last hours.

And it had come to hours now.

But Delia had this comfort: Mrs. Coveney was passing away tranquilly, without a care or regret, it would seem.

Dearly as she loved her child, she was weary of life, and tired of her sufferings. And then Delia was in good hands, and being so young, would soon find consolation in her new duties and her new home.

Stephen Yonng came at all hours of the day. He could scarcely bear his wife out of his sight; and Delia noticed with horror and repugnance indescribable, a kind of exultation in his face when Mrs. Coveney spoke of her end as very near.

The poor dying woman had served his purpose—had helped him to the prize he coveted, and now the sooner she got out of his way, the better.

These were days of infinite misery to Delia, and she would have been thankful indeed to have laid her head down in her mother's bosom, and only lifted it again in Heaven.

But the bitter cup had to be drank, even to the dregs.

Stephen would come and sit down in the little kitchen, and watch her with passionate eyes as she went to and fro, taking care to avoid his immediate vicinity as much as possible. Often he would put out his hand as she shrank past, and draw her to him with a fierce strain.

Delia's lips would grow very white under his kiss, but she never resisted him in any way. Even if she had dared, her mother's eyes were on her, and at all costs she must be kept in ignorance of the true state of things.

Delia never tried to like her husband better; she knew it was useless. The very tone in which he asked after Mrs. Coveney, his evident disappointment when he heard that she was still alive, filled his wife's heart with such hatred of him, that but for her Christianity, she would have killed herself rather than he should make profit out of her great sorrow.

"She lingers most confoundedly!" he muttered to himself, after one of the usual answers to his usual inquiry.

He had not intended Delia should hear, but love makes us sensitive and acute, and she caught the words readily.

"Yes," she said, shrinking from him with horror, "I thank Heaven that it is so, since this keeps us apart."

She was conscious of her own folly directly the words had passed her lips. Stephen's fingers closed on her slender wrist like a band of iron.

"Very well, then," he said; "as my patience doesn't seem to be appreciated, I'll have my rights. You belong to me, and have no business out of my house. Go and put your bonnet on, and come at once. I see now, that when people try to be good-natured they are always imposed upon."

"Oh, Stephen!" she cried, frantically, "you could never be so cruel!"

"Go and put on your things," he answered, in a stern tone.

Delia fell on her knees, and implored him, wildly, not to take her away from her mother just yet; it wouldn't be long now, and she should die if they were parted.

"No, no; it's time you came home. You are losing your looks watching by night, and worrying by day. Besides, as all my sacrifice doesn't gain me any thanks, I may as well make an end of it."

"Oh, Stephen, I will do everything you tell me, if you won't take me away from my mother, dear Stephen."

And she even fawned on him, and kissed his hand, in the agony of her supplication, and terror at his threat.

"It was very wrong of me to say what I did, but you shan't have to complain of me again. I am so troubled in mind at the thought of losing my mother, that I don't stay to weigh my words; and you have only to look at her to know that it can't be long."

"So you told me at first."

"We have only been married four days, Stephen."

"When I consented to your terms, I thought she wouldn't last more than twenty-four hours at the most."

"Oh, please don't talk like that!"

"It doesn't seem to please, whatever way I talk. But I must just be allowed to hint that it is hard lines for me to have to go back to my dull home, and leave you here."

"It is no worse than before you married."

"I had no right to expect any better, then, and the whole world was before me to choose from, as you may say. If I felt too dull, there was only to write a line to my Cousin Lotty, and she'd come over and cheer me up in double quick time."

"Then why don't you write to her now?" said Delia, desperately.

"Because I don't want her, for one thing, and she wouldn't come if I did.

Lotty's got her pride, and though you don't seem to think it worth while to be jealous, she might fancy you were, all the same."

"Shall I write to her?" inquired Delia, innocently. "I could explain just how matters were; and tell her you were so lonely that it would be quite a charity to go and keep you company for a little while."

"You don't know what you are talking about!" said Stephen, impatiently. "Lotty isn't going to waste her time upon me now when there's nothing to be gained by it; and, besides, I told you before I didn't want her."

"But you will let me stay with mother, Stephen dear?"

"You are just like all the rest of them," grumbled her husband. "Women are always civil when they want to get anything out of you. It was quite a different tune just now!"

"But I told you I was sorry for speaking so hastily."

"Of course you were sorry when you found you were to pay the penalty; and now you are as mild as milk, naturally, and I've actually had two 'dears' bestowed upon me in the course of ten minutes! For all your innocent looks, you know what you're about—Mrs. Young."

He watched her as he called her by this name, so painfully new and unfamiliar; and though Delia made a great effort over herself, she visibly shrank.

"Delia Young sounds as well as Delia Coveney, doesn't it?" he said, with cruel enjoyment of his power. "I like it even better myself."

Delia hung her head silently.

"Well, what is your opinion?" he urged.

"I think it is prettier," said Delia, anxious, above all things, to conciliate him.

"Which?"

"Delia Young."

He knew her motive; and yet he was flattered, too, in spite of himself.

"You want to get me to let you stay," he said; "that's why you can be civil now. You would give your right hand, I'll be bound, if your left was free to bestow elsewhere!"

The hot color rushed in a torrent to Delia's pale face.

"You shouldn't say such things!" she exclaimed, her indignation mastering her for the moment. "You know it isn't right, now I am married!"

"Will you swear you never think of your old lover?"

"He never was my lover, Stephen; I told you so plainly from the first."

"You know who I mean, without my having the trouble of mentioning names!" was the jealous reply.

"I can't help knowing who you mean—"

"Oh, of course!" he answered derisively.

Delia drooped her head meekly, and made no response. She began to understand his temper better, and to see that resistance only inflamed and stimulated it. Loving her with a mad passion that would stop at nothing to ensure success, it was in his evil nature to torment and worry her, as a cat worries a mouse.

CHAPTER XXII.

DELIA'S RESOLVE.

It was pretty certain that Delia would hear plenty about Captain Vane in their married life, as long as the reference pained her. Directly it ceased to do so, Stephen would cease to speak of him, no doubt.

Perhaps she would learn this piece of wisdom in time; but, even then, Delia could no more help her blushes, than she could help her dimples, or force her smiles.

Stephen was silent, too, for a minute; and though his face had darkened ominously, and there was a spark of smouldering fire in his gleaming eyes, Delia saw no change that alarmed her, and he took the locket without remark. After awhile he left, saying that he had business in the adjoining town, and would look in again in the evening; but Delia watched him go, and, to her surprise, he went straight toward Squire De Lacy's.

However, he re-appeared about eight o'clock, and was the more moody perhaps, that Mrs. Coveney had rallied a little, and would have him come to her bedside, where she implored him, agitatedly, to be kind to Delia when she was gone.

Stephen glanced at his wife as if he suspected her of telling tales; but Mrs. Coveney guessed something of his meaning, and soon undeceived him.

"It was only the natural anxiety any mother would feel when she was dying," she declared; and then Stephen's brow cleared a little, though, maybe, she missed something of the same good nature that had characterized his manner in the earlier days.

But she never acknowledged this, even to herself, if so. It was too late to know the truth.

Mrs. Coveney's rally was very brief. Before Stephen left, she was fighting and struggling for breath so violently, that he expected every moment would be her last.

Delia came out to him then, and if pale, she was calm and capable.

"Stephen," she said, pleadingly, "will you go and fetch Aunt Merridew for me."

"Certainly," he said, with alacrity, a little touched by her patience, perhaps; and without another word he was gone.

They returned together ere long, and Stephen had prepared to remain all night, only that the paroxysm passed, and Mrs. Coveney seemed somewhat revived again. This being the case, he went home, fully conscious that if Delia had loved him she would have regarded his presence as the only comfort possible to her in her deep affliction.

As it was, she scarcely seemed to know when he left. Her eyes were fixed on her mother's face, and there was no fear that they would leave her for him.

It seemed to Delia that the misery of that night would haunt her as long as she lived. Mrs. Coveney was just alive, but scarcely sensible. She would murmur a blessing on her daughter whenever she had the sense to realize who it was that knelt so untiringly beside her: but she appeared to resent Mrs. Merridew's presence as an intrusion, and never, for a moment, recognized her.

"Take that woman away," she would whisper mysteriously in Delia's ear. "She has come to see me die."

In vain the girl tried to make her understand that it was her own sister. All the world was lost to Mrs. Coveney now except the one trembling figure kneeling at her bedside; and that was the only face she cared to have between her and the last dawn she should ever see.

The valley of the shadow was nearly reached when Stephen came back, and peeped round the door to see what was going on.

It was strange and wonderful that the dying woman, catching sight of him readily, sat bolt upright in the bed, and shook her fist in his face.

Delia looked round to see what had agitated her mother so much, and finding Stephen still there—his eyes fascinated and fixed by Mrs. Coveney's—motioned him to leave the room.

The spell was broken then, and he slunk away, taking care to keep out of sight until his wife's despairing cry announced that the dark valley was reached, and the free spirit was rejoicing in the bright land beyond.

Mrs. Merridew was severely practical now-a-days, and as they were churning at home, she went off about noon, promising to return in a couple of hours, so that Delia was alone when Mrs. Coveney put her hand imploringly on her arm, and said, with a wonderful smile, "Hush, love!"

Delia stifled her sobs to listen.

"Be good," continued Mrs. Coveney, faintly—"whatever happens, be good."

The feeble hand groped for Delia's face, and feeling the tears, drew back as if it had been stung.

"Don't cry—it's no use," she added, piteously. And then, after a very long pause, "Only pray."

The silence that fell then was the silence of death.

Delia knew just the very moment her mother drew the last faint breath; but she did not move from the bedside, or loosen her hold of the lifeless hand, until it stiffened in her grasp.

She seemed to think that Stephen would claim her the moment he knew.

Mrs. Merridew, when she returned half an hour afterward, having seen the butter carefully stowed away in her husband's cart ready for market, was the first to announce to Stephen that his mother-in-law was dead.

A sense of decorum made him suppress his exultation, but Delia felt it nevertheless; for it lurked even in his consolations. But for this, she might have broken down in the task she had set herself, being so sorrowful.

As it was, she checked her tears to swear an oath within herself that she would balk Stephen of his triumph, because of his pitiless delight in the great loss that had befallen her.

"It is no use your staying here now, Delia," he said, taking her into his arms with a vast show of sympathy, she knew him well enough to mistrust: "all the grieving in the world can't recall your poor mother. And we know where she is gone, dear. I may as well run home and fetch a cart, and then it can take all your things without any more bother," he added, practically. "Old Mrs. Ransome will be very glad to come and stay here until the funeral, if we make it worth while."

"Stephen, I want you to grant me one last favor," said Delia, her lips taking a resolute fold. "I'll promise never to ask another as long as I live."

"Well, what is it?"

"Let me stay here with my poor mother until eight o'clock this evening. You may fetch me after that, as soon as you like," she slowly added.

Stephen had not evidently expected such easy terms as these, and, being in an amiable mood, readily assented.

"Very well, then," he said; "but no more dark looks, if I let you have your way."

"I promise you that," Delia said.

"And you'll try and be cheerful and contented?"

"Yes," she murmured faintly, "I'll try."

He thought he had made rather a good bargain, and showed some natural elation.

"You can always manage women," he thought, "if you let them see you are not to be trifled with. I shall soon bring Delia to her bearings, after all."

The gloom of death being very disagreeable to Stephen, he did not even wait for a hint to absent himself, and walked off, saying, the last thing, "You may expect me punctually at eight, Delia."

"Very well," she answered steadily, and stood at the doorstep a moment to watch him go.

He turned back, lover-like, and in spite of her pale face and heaving eyelids, Delia found favor in his sight.

"When she gets over this affair," he muttered, "there isn't a lady born in Brierton will be able to hold a candle to my wife."

And kissing his hand gayly, he vaulted over the stile and disappeared from sight.

"He rejoices in my misfortune," Delia said within herself—and a hard, stern, cold look came upon her young face; "but I'll take care he doesn't gain very much, after all."

And she walked calmly back into the house. Mrs. Merridew had called in a neighbor to perform the last sad offices, but Delia declared that no hand less tender than her own should touch her beloved dead.

And so, alone and unaided, she laid her mother forth for the burial, and then went forth and gathered every flower in her little garden to scatter about the corpse.

Death had smoothed out every line in Mrs. Coveney's face, and she looked young again; almost as young as when she came a happy bride to her happy husband's home, and decked herself to please his sight.

There was even a smile on her lips, as Delia sat down beside her, and took the chill fingers in her hot palm, and called her every sweet name under the sun.

It seemed as if she could not find eloquent words enough for the expression of her deep, passionate love, now that she was dead and could not hear.

Mrs. Merridew had gone back to her home-duties, and she had coaxed Mrs. Ransome to leave her quite alone.

"You may come at eight o'clock," she had said, "when it is getting dark, because my husband will be here then; but now I want to be by myself."

The woman would have wondered, only that there was such a strange courage and determination in Delia's manner, an intense calm more touching than tears.

"You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Ransome; "it is just as you feel, of course."

"And I feel that solitude is best for me just now."

Delia kissed her before she left, and slipped some money into her hand, making her promise that she would not leave her mother until she was buried; and then, as we said before, she sat down at the bedside, and, all her superb calm broken up, wept, and sobbed, and cried out in the silence, "Oh, mother! come back to me, darling. How can I be good without you? I want you, dear! I want you! I want you! I want you! You must hear me, even in the new Heaven you have won! Come, dear, if only for a second, to comfort your poor, hopeless, desolate child!"

But Mrs. Coveney lay motionless still, and only smiled.

Delia sat on, untiring, until the autumn day began to darken a little, and then she rose and went to her own room.

Taking her bridal dress out of the cupboard, she spread it on the bed, with every gift she had received from her husband. Then she attired herself in a plain black dress she happened to have laying by, pinned a dark shawl about her shoulders, tied up all the poor, useless dimples in an old bonnet of her mother's, and taking a crape veil of her own also, went into the kitchen.

They owed nothing in the world, and the furniture in the house would more than pay for her mother's funeral, so that she had no compunction in helping herself to the money that remained.

There was so little, no one could grudge her that.

All her preparations made, she went back to the death-chamber, and gazed long and fixedly on her mother's face, as if to impress it on her memory the more firmly.

Then she knelt down, and cried, with an exceeding bitter cry, "Oh, mother! forgive me if I seem to desert you, darling! But I can serve you no longer, even with sacrifice, or tortures should not drag me from your side. The cup is too bitter, and I cannot drink it; but you know all about it now, dear, and must pity me. I meant to do what was right, but the effort was beyond my strength. Forgive me, too, that my poor heart fainted at the fulfilment of those promises I had made for your sake. I cannot be good with him—but I'll be so brave, so strong and patient, living my own life, away from the very sound of his name. And mother, if God is angry, you must intercede—for it is almost as bad leaving you as it would be to live with that man."

Then she kissed the pale lips once, twice, thrice, with a passion of love and regret, and went out, closing the doors reverently behind her, and never once looking back.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 3.)

COURTING BY TELEGRAPH.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"Heigho! was there ever such a dismal day! Only three o'clock yet, and the rain coming down in perfect torrents! Of all stupid places in the world, I believe the most stupid is a country telegraph-office on a stormy day!

"I wish I had a book to read, or that I worked in a great city office where there would be plenty to do, rain or shine, or—what a goose you are, Jennie Ryerson! If you are going to wish, why don't you wish you were rich, or that you hadn't jilted Philip Southworth, and be done with it?" and the speaker, springing up impatiently, shook out the folds of her dress, arranged her heavy, dark braids at the small looking-glass, and then paced rapidly up and down the long, empty "Ladies' Room" of the depot, from which the telegraph-office was separated only by a railing.

A few minutes of this exercise sufficed, and then Jennie stood near one of the windows gazing out upon the rain, with a far-away look in her brown eyes that showed she was thinking of something more than those great drops that chased each other so rapidly down the panes.

Perhaps it was a memory of bygone days, when she, Jennie Ryerson, was an heiress and a belle; when Philip Southworth had been her most devoted admirer, and she had first flirted with him, proud of the attentions of the handsomest and most brilliant man of her circle, and then discarded him—worse, even haughtily refused him in favor of the wealthy and aristocratic Colonel Molyneux, to be in her turn discarded when her father died and left her penniless, instead of heiress to the vast fortune he was supposed to have amassed.

"Served me right!" she exclaimed, at last, rousing herself from her revery. "He treated me no worse than I treated Phil, not so badly indeed, for fortunately I cared nothing about him, while Philip loved me, and I"—here the voice grew lower and the girl glanced about, lest the very walls should overhear her—"I loved him, though I did not know it till I sent him away. Well, well, those summer days and summer friends have all gone, and here am I, a telegraph operator, shut up in this dreary place, with no one to know or care what becomes of me. But it's of no use to grumble," she continued, more cheerfully, dashing away an unbidden tear; "if I had only something to do to keep me from thinking; but there is not a soul to speak to, and nothing to read—nothing but that old machine," glancing contemptuously at the innocent object of her dislike, "and not even the consolation of being obliged to work at that.

"I've a great mind to send a message on my own account!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "I wonder if the operators at the stations near here are girls? It's likely they are. Men wouldn't stay in such little poky places. At least I wouldn't, if I were a man. I mean to try it, anyway. It can't be any harm," and she quickly signalled her nearest neighbor.

"Busy!" was the brief answer.

"Then I'll try another;" which was no sooner said than done. And growing more daring, she tried several, as one after another declined, stating that she was idle, and wanted some one to talk with. Like the boy in the fable, however, she found all the world busy—and began to be ashamed of her own idleness. Some of the answers were lively, and evidently from those who would have been glad if their duties had allowed them to chat awhile; others were gruff and surly in their tone—and Jennie was beginning to despair of success, when she received the following answer to her last effort—

"Most happy to make your acquaintance. Nothing to do—and raining cats and dogs."

"Now that's real nice!" cried Jennie, drawing up to the machine in a comfortable manner, as if preparing for a cosey chat. "I suppose it's proper to introduce myself. I wonder what her name is! I'll ask her!" And she quickly despatched—

"My name is Jennie Ryerson. Will you tell me yours?" and awaited the reply with some curiosity.

It soon came.

"Philip Rossiter—at your service."

"Philip Rossiter! So it isn't a girl after all! I wish it was Philip Southworth," she soliloquized.

"Now, I wonder if it's very *awful* to be talking to a man I've never seen! Perhaps he's old enough to be my grandfather, and has a wife and ten children. I guess it won't do me any serious injury. At any rate it is better than sitting here thinking; so here goes." And for the next hour or two, Jennie kept up a lively interchange of messages with her new acquaintance. Then business called him away, and the conversation ended.

Next day was bright and Jennie much more occupied, and in consequence had little time to think of the previous day's escapade. Still the memory of it had rather troubled her conscience, although she was inclined to believe in the wife and ten children doctrine, "he was so old-fashioned and fatherly in his ways," as she told herself.

But she had resolved not to begin another conversation; "perhaps he might think her very bold and unwomanly," and she *rather* thought she would answer that she was busy if he made any advances.

Nevertheless she was conscious that she was unusually attentive to every signal, and that a feeling uncommonly like disappointment came over her, as hour after hour wore away and Mr. Rossiter made no sign.

Toward night there was a lull in the business, and though she sat engaged with some work with which she had virtuously provided herself, being convinced that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," yet at the first "call" she sprang up nervously.

"At last," ran the message, "I have a moment to greet my yesterday's acquaintance. Are you too much engaged for another pleasant chat?"

Alas for good resolutions! Jennie colored as violently as if the ticket agent at the other end of the depot could read the dispatch, and for a moment she hesitated, then thinking, "I am sure I have but few pleasures, and there can be no harm in this; I know in the office where I learned telegraphing they used to talk to other operators half the time," she threw aside her doubts and answered in her gayest strain.

Days and weeks passed, and Jennie's unseen friend filled much more of her thoughts than was exactly consistent with her fondly cherished belief that she never had and never could love any one but Philip Southworth. Every day she listened for the friendly greeting, and their time for talk was the one bright hour of the twenty-four.

They had grown well acquainted now. Jennie had confided the sad little tale of her father's death and her own loneliness, and had learned in return that the wife and ten children existed only in her imagination, that Mr. Rossiter was, like herself, alone in the world, "was about twenty-five years old, tall, with dark hair and eyes, and a long beard," as he had jestingly described himself, after having proposed to "exchange photographs by telegraph."

"He must look like poor Phil," thought Jennie, and half-unconsciously it was as Philip Southworth he always came to her thoughts.

It was very pleasant to have a friend once more—pleasant to have something to look forward to in the way of amusement through all those long summer days, and Jennie's eyes grew brighter, and the old color came back to her cheeks.

"D'ye see our boarder, Miss Ryerson?" remarked her landlady to her most particular crony. "See how she's brightened up since she came here? She warn't no more than a shadow then, and went round so pale and mopin', but now she steps off lively and looks as bright as a bird. I should say she'd got a beau, only I never see any fellow round with her, and she never has a letter, so I suppose it's only country air, and what little care I can take of her that's made the change," concluded the good woman complacently.

But one day Jennie was awakened from her blissful unconsciousness by a point-blank declaration from her telegraphic friend. He would not ask for a final answer, he said, until they had met, but he wished to ascertain if from what knowledge she had gained of his character through their many conversations, she was disposed to look favorably on his suit. If not he would prefer not to meet. To give her time to consider the subject, he had mentioned it just as he was going away for a short vacation. If she would kindly send her answer one week from that day, he would be there to receive it.

Poor Jennie fretted herself nearly sick over the dispatch. Mr. Rossiter had certainly chosen his time skilfully, for now the absence of any friendly messages showed how much she had depended upon them for her daily happiness.

Sometimes she was on the point of accepting him, without even waiting for a personal interview. Then a memory of Philip Southworth would come over her, and she would determine to reject him. Mingled with these were doubts as to whether the whole affair was not intensely absurd. "Courting by telegraph!" she would say contemptuously.

So the week passed, and when the fateful day arrived, she was no nearer a decision than at first. Slowly the day passed till the usual "tête-à-tête hour." With many doubts and fears, Jennie signalled Mr. Rossiter, half hoping he had not returned.

But he replied at once, and with a sudden determination she briefly stated the exact truth, that she had missed him so much she could not help thinking she could soon care very much for him, but perhaps she ought to tell him that in the dear old times there had been another Philip whom she had loved dearly, though she had not found it out till she had treated him so badly that he had gone away forever.

For all answer came the words, "I will see you to-night."

How the rest of the day passed, Jennie never knew, but it was with a beating heart that she descended to the boarding-house parlor upon the announcement of the landlady that a gentleman wanted to see her.

The room was nearly dark, and Jennie could only dimly discern a tall form standing near the window as she entered.

A moment later she found herself clasped in the gentleman's arms, while Philip Southworth's voice was calling her his own darling Jennie.

"Philip Southworth!" exclaimed the bewildered girl, struggling to release herself. "I had no thought of seeing you. Where have you been all these weary months?"

"Telegraphing to you, Jennie," he replied, laughingly.

"Telegraphing to me," she repeated. "Then you are—"

"Philip Rossiter Southworth," he rejoined. "I feared you might know my full name, and thus spoil the little plan I laid, when you introduced yourself, for gaining a new trial. Are you very much disappointed, Jennie?" he inquired, presently.

Apparently not, for to this day, Mrs. Philip Rossiter Southworth is a firm advocate of *Courting by Telegraph*.

☞ A woman in Zurich recently had her cat killed by an official. In revenge she caught about fifty mice, enclosed them in a box and sent them to the offender, who, suspecting nothing, opened the package, and was horrified to see the vermin jump out and run all over his place. There was a note in the box, saying, "You have killed my cat; I have therefore the honor to send you my mice."

☞ Because fourteen persons said a fifty-cent scrip picked up on the floor of a Detroit horse-car was theirs, the conductor coolly settled the matter by putting the money in his own pocket.

☞ A Glasgow firm is making a couple of monster umbrellas that altogether eclipse the famous specimens that Paul Pry loves to sport upon the stage. They are thirty-three feet in circumference, and sufficient to afford protection to about twenty-five people, and cost $250 each. They are made for a travelling firm in Africa, that intends to present them to two polygamous negro chiefs for family umbrellas.

☞ Here are some facts for editorials on education. The table of illiteracy in the last census, shows that Massachusetts has greater proportional illiteracy than New York, while Rhode Island and Connecticut cannot compare with Michigan or Iowa in general education. Massachusetts, in school attendance, has retrograded one per cent. in ten years. Rhode Island two per cent., the latter being the most ignorant of the Northern States. Is this due to extensive manufactories or to compulsory laws?

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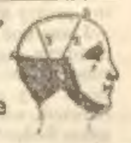

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THOU ART MINE.

BY E. C. STEDMAN.

Thou art mine, thou hast given thy word;
Close, close in my arms thou art clinging;
Alone for my ear thou art singing
A song which no stranger hath heard;
But afar from me yet, like a bird,
Thy soul in some region unstirred,
On its mystical circuit is winging.

Thou art mine, I have made thee mine own;
Henceforth we are mingled forever;
But in vain, all in vain, I endeavor—
Though round thee thy garlands are thrown,
And thou yieldest thy lips and thy zone—
To master the spell that alone
My hold on thy being can sever.

Thou art mine, thou hast come unto me!
But thy soul, when I strive to be near it—
The innermost fold of thy spirit—
Is as far from my grasp, is as free
As the stars from the mountain-tops be,
As the pearl in the depths of the sea
From the portionless king that would wear it.

AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

As a land of brigands, Spain, poor, unfortunate, war-ridden Spain, stands pre-eminent; for, from the church to the hovel, there are banditti, living by their wits, by crime, and by pillage, whether it be upon the mountain highway, in the peaceful valley, or within the incorporated limits of the crowded city.

The *romance* of Spain is in reading of its bold cavaliers, beautiful women, fertile valleys, and rolling hills; but the *reality* is in living there, in travelling through the country, and in being, *pro tem*, a Spaniard.

At least such has been my experience of that land of tribulations, that never again do I care, even for the sake of adventure, to roam over its bold hills and sunny vales.

With this preliminary comment upon romantic Spain, I will proceed with the story I would tell of an adventure that befell me there, one which very nearly caused the "star of my destiny" to set in gloom in a foreign land.

It was while spending a few days at a town near the sea-coast, waiting for a party with whom I was to travel into the interior, that one night, while returning to my inn, I suddenly came upon a most animated scene in a lonely part of the street.

It was a dark night, late, and the denizens of the town had sought rest after the bickerings and bartering of the day, and I confess, upon turning a corner, I was somewhat surprised and startled to discover a cavalier, with his back to the wall, and sword in hand, defending himself bravely against three cloaked ruffians, who, armed with the deadly stiletto, were seeking his life.

As I came upon the scene, a wound from one of the ruffians caused the cavalier to drop his sword, and with a cry of joy all sprang forward to dispatch him, when mingling with the cry came the clear report of my revolver—a friend that has never proven false at home or abroad—and one of the attacking party was doubled up in a heap upon the pavement while his comrades took to their heels.

"I thank you, señor, you have saved my life," and the stranger stepped forward and extended his left hand, for the right arm had received the stiletto wound.

"I trust this fellow is not dead," I said, struck with the coolness of the man whom I had rescued, and I bent over and examined the villain as he lay upon the ground.

"I trust he is, señor, for he is a traitor; but no, he is merely stunned, and will soon recover. Come."

Not liking to have trouble if I could avoid it, and observing the ball from my pistol had merely grazed the temple of the would-be assassin, I turned and walked away with my strange companion, who led off in the direction of the inn where I was putting up.

In a moment we were in the well-lighted tap-room, and turning I beheld before me a man of magnificent presence, tall, graceful, and with a face strikingly handsome and commanding, while the uniform he wore betokened him an officer of cavalry in the Spanish army.

"Señor Americano, for such I observe you to be, allow me to present myself to you as Señor Alvida, major in the service of Spain, and that I am wholly your friend, I trust you will find me."

We were both stopping at the same inn, and until the departure of my new-found friend two days after, he certainly aided me in "killing time," for he was a man of superior education, had travelled much, and was, besides, a genial companion with one in whom he was interested, but haughty and stern with others.

We parted the best of friends, and three days after my long-expected friends arrived, and preparations were at once commenced for our departure.

The party for whom I had waited consisted of three persons—Colonel Carter Greyson of Ohio, accompanied by his daughter Ida, and a young lady friend, an heiress and a beauty, as well as a capricious flirt, for Bell Borden had broken scores of hearts by her bright eyes, and disappointed as many more by not allowing them the management of her hand and fortune.

Ida Greyson and Bell Borden had been schoolmates, boon companions; and when Colonel Greyson had determined to visit Europe for a few years, with his family, his daughter had urged her friend Bell to accompany them; for she well knew that the maiden was an orphan, with no near relations, and at the end of her school-days must return to the home of her guardian, a sour, old lawyer, in the city of Detroit.

It had been my good fortune to meet the delightful *trio* upon the passage over; and for months we had held together, until duty at length drew me away, to meet again, by appointment, in the mountains of Spain.

The *trio* of friends, as I have said, at length arrived, and tugging after them came two hairless youths, young blonde barons, who were desperately in love with the pretty American girls.

I was not jealous, although I loved both maidens, but I determined that I would raise a *casus belli* with the spigs, and in some way, aid their departure, for I discovered, with a bachelor's eye, that the noble fledgelings were merely endured, and not particularly popular with either the colonel or the ladies.

At length we started upon our journey, one glorious afternoon, in a *diligence*, drawn by mules, and comparatively comfortable, although the barons voted it a lumbering machine, unfit to ride in.

Now these two worthies, upon the principal of "In Rome do as the Romans do," had rigged themselves out *a la Espanal*, being dressed from top to toe in the costume of the country, which was in strange contrast—with their pale eyes, light hair, and blonde complexions—with the natives to the manor born, whose swarthy faces and dark eyes brightened with a spirit of amused sarcasm, as they gazed upon them.

A priest, two tradesmen, a Jew, an English traveller, and a Texas Ranger, who, before the diligence had gone three miles, had made the acquaintance of every one present, even to the staid Englishman, the conductor and driver, with our party, made up the load, and in good humor with ourselves and the world generally, we rolled on, listening to the gentleman from Texas, whose life on the Mexican frontier had gained him a knowledge of Spanish, joke with the good-natured *padre*.

Now Texas was a good fellow, had been a desperate Indian fighter, was well off, possessed a good education—and though inclined to be too sociable perhaps, was gentlemanly and polite.

Travelling, as we were, through a dangerous vicinity, I was glad of the company of my American friend; as also, was I, that in the Englishman and Colonel Greyson, we had strong supporters in case of attack, while upon the young barons, the tradesmen, the Jew, padre, and Spanish drivers, I well knew little dependence was to be placed.

Hourly we wended our way, through beautiful scenery, which darkness at length shut out from view, until just at daylight we came to a fertile valley, still resting in gloom, although the hills to the eastward were gilded with the tints of the rising sun.

Not many miles away lay the town where we were to rest for a few days, and all were congratulating ourselves upon a safe journey, when suddenly a loud cry in Spanish was heard, the diligence stopped abruptly—and gazing from the window I saw a group of wild-looking men surrounding us, and knew that they were brigands.

At an order from one of the brigands, the conductor sprang to the ground, and releasing from his belt a heavy purse, held it forth, while dropping upon his knees, he cried—

"*Toma usted, Senor Caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!*" (Take it, sir cavalier, but do not take from me life.)

The brigand held forth his hand to grasp the purse, when the clear ring of the American revolver sounded in the air, and true to its aim, the ball pierced the brain of the robber, who fell to the ground still clutching the gold.

"That's your game, you Spanish thieves," was the cry in good English, and the bold Texan, who had fired the shot, sprang from the diligence, a pistol in either hand. And determined not to let him be alone, I also jumped out armed with my six-barrelled friend, and was quickly followed by Colonel Greyson, the English traveller, and *the Jew*, who held in his hand, what appeared to be an English fowling-piece, for the woollen cover yet remained on it.

Surprised at so strong a show of resistance, the brigands at once fell back, to approach the next instant, in numbers far our superior; but, nothing daunted, the bold Texan opened fire, and his deadly aim, added to our shots, checked their advance.

Yet the advantage was with the brigands, for from behind rocks and trees they began to fire upon us, killing the mules hitched to the diligence, shooting down the unfortunate but brave Jew, and slightly wounding the Texan, and the priest, who had not yet left his seat.

Rendered furious by his wound, the Texan advanced boldly upon the brigands' ambush, calling upon us to follow, but a loud cry from the Englishman caused us to halt.

Turning, we beheld that resistance would be useless, for from every tree, bush and rock came a brigand, while coming up the road we could hear the running feet of many more.

"If we surrender will you spare the lives of all?" called out the Englishman in Spanish.

"Not a soul; you shall all die for your resistance," answered a burly ruffian, half hidden behind a large rock.

"Then we'll carry company with us into the happy hunting grounds, as the Injuns say," yelled back the Texan, and once again he dashed forward, to be suddenly startled by a ringing voice, and see dash upon the scene a horseman, whose quick glance took in the scene as he reined his steed back with wonderful grace and skill.

One look into the bold, handsome face, now stern in anger, and I recognized Major Alvida; but no longer in the uniform of Spain, but wearing the picturesque and gorgeous dress of a brigand chieftain.

Our eyes met, the recognition was mutual, and, though his face colored and eyes drooped for a moment, he quickly said, "Señor, we meet again, and I am glad to serve you;" and then turning to the assembled brigands, he pointed into the dark depths of the woods, and said simply:

"Gather your dead and wounded, and leave here."

Some obeyed, a few hesitated, and, gaining courage by their support, the brigand who had before appeared as leader, and had denied us mercy, said:

"No, Senor Polinaro, this is too good a haul to relinquish, after half a dozen of our men have been slain."

What! this, then, was the far-famed robber chief, Polinaro, whose evil and good deeds, whose daring and ability as a brig-and leader filled the land!

In silent admiration we gazed upon the strange and handsome man, and with dread feared that he would not be obeyed; but, as we looked we saw the brow darken, the lips become slightly tremulous, and the piercing eyes glitter with a deadly light, while after a pause, the answer to the mutineer came.

"Do you expect to disobey me and live, Señor Francisco?"

"I will not yield without a struggle," doggedly answered the brigand lieutenant.

With a cry as of inward rage, Polinaro drove the gold spurs into his horse, his sword fairly leaped from its scabbard, and in a second of time had fallen upon the head of Franci-co, who the next instant was trampled beneath the hoofs of the fiery steed.

"Now, off with you," was the ringing order of the chieftain, and like a covey of quails the brigands sought cover, hiding themselves behind rocks and trees.

"Señor, I am sorry for this delay and misfortune, but my command is one of lawless men; and you saved my life, and I am glad to reciprocate, so now you are free to go upon your way. Antonio," and as Polinaro called a man came from the woods.

"Get mules at once for this diligence, and see that my men let it pass unmolested."

"Si, señor."

The man turned to depart, and once again addressing me, Polinaro said:

"That I may not seem as black as I am painted, I will tell you that I was driven unjustly to the mountains, where I assembled around me this lawless band, whom, if I can prevent, I allow only to attack our enemies, the troops of Spain, and their colleagues."

"In disguise I visit every town I care to, and hence your meeting me there as an officer of Spain, and saving my life; now you are free to go, for here come your mules."

The Spaniard ceased speaking, and then for the first time his eye fell upon the

SATISFACTORY.

GENTLEMAN—"I say, Clipham, why does my hair come out so just now?"
OPERATOR—"Oh, sir, most hannimals molts at this season o' the year."

forms of the ladies present, who, when the danger was over, had left the diligence, and accompanied by the two blonde noblemen, were standing near.

"What! I knew not that there were ladies in the diligence—pardon me, señorita;" and bending low in his saddle, Polinaro fixed his gaze with earnest admiration upon the face of Belle Borden, who turned crimson, but showed in her look that a strange fascination for the man before her held her firmly in its power.

Springing from his horse, and still keeping his earnest eyes upon the embarrassed girl, the chief approached her and said:

"Lady, but two angels have I ever met on earth—my mother, *and* you—take this then to remind you that one glance from your heaven-lit eyes turned me from a life of crime;" and he threw around her neck a massive gold chain, with a jewel-studded locket attached, and ere another word could be said, bounded upon his horse and dashed away.

Belle listlessly raised the trinket as if in a dream, and all beheld in the locket the face of a handsome youth, which had evidently been painted years before, while engraven upon the gold surface was—

"To my mother, upon this, the anniversary of my twenty-first year."

Below this, and with a date a few years previous to our adventure, was the following:

"Worn by my mother next her heart, until it ceased to beat, Nov. 1st, 1866."

It was the likeness of Polinaro, given first to his mother, and worn by her until her death, and then presented to an American girl, upon whom his eyes had never before rested.

"Belle, you had better return it to the chief through one of his men here," said Colonel Greyson, when he had examined the costly chain and locket.

"I will keep it," simply replied the maiden, and re-entering the diligence, we moved rapidly on, for the wound received by the Texan was giving him considerable pain.

On the way to the town we learned from the *padre* the story of Polinaro's life; how in his boyhood his father, an officer high in authority, had, for political reasons, been banished from his land, and returning years after, had been publicly executed, while his wife and son had been imprisoned, to be released after a long and cruel confinement, upon condition that they would leave the land, which they did, immediately sailing for the shores of free America.

In the United States the young Polinaro had lived in retirement with his mother, and received his education, until on the breaking out of the war for the Union he had entered the Federal army, and by his skill and bravery had won a name and high rank.

At the close of the struggle, in company with his mother, he once more sought his native land of Spain, was recognized, and the exiles once more became inmates of a Spanish dungeon, where a few months after the fondly-loved mother died; and rendered desperate by her loss the son made a daring attempt, and escaped from the prison, to fly to the mountains and become a leader of *banditti*, and by this means wreak a terrible vengeance upon his enemies in the government.

We were all deeply interested in the story, and especially was Belle, who, throughout the recital, held the miniature in her hand and gazed earnestly upon the handsome face.

At the town our party separated, the blonde noblemen to return to their country, the tradesmen to their work, the poor Jew to his grave, the priest to continue on in the even tenor of his way, and our immediate party to remain and nurse our Texan friend, Morgan Randolph, through his wound.

* * * * *

Six months went by, and our party, with the addition of Morgan Randolph, who was desperately in love with Ida Greyson, and not hopelessly either, were assembled in London preparatory to the return to America of Colonel Greyson and family.

We were stopping at the Langham Hotel, and entering the parlor one day, I surprised Belle in earnest conversation with a gentleman, one whom, though his face was strangely familiar, I did not recall, and hence backed out quickly, disliking to break in upon the *tête-à tête;* but though I joked her afterward upon the subject, and a guilty color overspread her face, she would make no confession as to the name, station or profession of her companion.

A week more and the party sailed from London, Morgan Randolph accompanying them, and on board the steamer I bade them all a sad good-bye, for my course lay through eastern lands, and not toward the soil of my nativity.

Thus we parted, to meet again two years after in Ohio, where Belle Borden and myself stood up together at the wedding of Ida Greyson and the free-hearted and noble Texan.

It was a love match and a happy one, and away the joyous couple sped to their southwest home, and there a few months after I visited them; for Texas, as I called Randolph Morgan, was most anxious to make a match between Belle and myself, and had, in conjunction with his wife, laid a plan for me to meet her there.

I enjoyed that visit exceedingly, until one day while riding out on the prairie, my horse fell with me, and I was carried to the Randolph homestead in an unconscious state, for I was severely hurt.

Through days of suffering my fair companion Belle watched by my couch, and in a half-dreamy stupor I lay one day upon a lounge, idly watching her as she sat by the window engaged in embroidering a footstool.

Suddenly a tall form darkened the doorway, and with surprise I recognized the same figure and face I had last seen in the parlors of the Langham Hotel.

A slight scream from Belle, and placing his finger upon his lips, the stranger spoke, and at his voice rolled upon me memories of other scenes and days.

"Belle, I have again sought you—must I be once more driven from your presence?"

The tones were tremulous, and a slight foreign aspect pervaded the words.

"Oh, God, help me! but how can it be?"

"I am no longer Polinaro—I was driven to crime, it may be, from revenge—I have sought you again, as I have time and again ere this, to ask you to become my wife. I followed you from Spain, I came to America after you, and here, although you yet wear next your heart the miniature I gave you, you will not love me—"

"I *do* love you—would to God I did not."

"You love me, and yet you exile me from your presence, and in loving you I am doubly banished, for no home, no country, no love do I possess."

The words were earnest, and though before I had, from weakness and surprise, been unable to speak, I now arose, and approaching them said—

"Belle, cast not from you the love of a man whom you in your heart idolize."

Both started, the maiden to turn deadly pale, the man to crimson with hope through the dark olive skin, and spring toward me with words of thanks as he grasped my hand most warmly.

One instant Belle gazed into my face, and then turning toward the Spaniard, said fervently—

"No longer will I hesitate—I love you more than all else in the world, and I will be your wife, let your past be what it may."

* * * * *

Morgan Randolph eagerly entered into the affair, when we had told him all, but it was hard work winning his wife over, for she was not so romantic as was Belle: and yet at length she gave her consent, and in the Randolph homestead the Spanish chieftain and the American beauty were married, after which they settled down to a happy existence upon a *ranche* near by; and to this day none of the wiseacres or neighbors know anything of the former life of the handsome man sojourning in their midst, and dream not that Don Carlos Polinaro was once the leader of Spanish brigands in his native land.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

BY IONE DAVINE.

"Oh, guardie! you need not be worried, I know I shall enjoy travelling alone," said sweet Lettie Haven as she settled herself comfortably in a Pullman car, with her various travelling appendages thrown carelessly into the other seat of the section. She was going to make a three days' journey.

"Well, my dear," answered the gentleman addressed, "I am sorry you are so set on this trip. I wish I could go with you, but my business is so pressing—"

"Never mind," replied Lettie, "I shall get along famously, and I promise to telegraph from every station, if you wish."

"Are you sure you have your ticket and pocket-book safe? And lastly, my child, do not flirt or form car acquaintances."

The little maiden lifted her hands in feigned amazement, and exclaimed—

"Flirt! Why, guardy, there are only three others in the car besides myself, and all of the trio are old enough to be my grandfathers." But she said nothing about a bag she had discovered in a seat on the opposite side of the car, and fully resolved, if it belonged to a young gentleman, her journey should not be as companionless as it now promised to be. "Good-bye, Mr. Lennox, there's the whistle;" and after a hurried good-bye, her guardian was gone, and she was speeding on her way.

And now, while our heroine is travelling her first fifty miles, let me give you a short sketch of her life.

At ten she was left an orphan, with Robert Lennox as guardian, who was full fifteen years her senior. Mr. Lennox placed her at school, and at eighteen she graduated and came home to her guardian. And now, after having for over a year presided over his household, she was to pay a long-promised visit to her school friend, Ada Livingston, whose home was in the West. Her guardian was to have accompanied her, but some pressing business obliged him to stay in New York. He had promised to come and bring her home. One journey alone was enough.

Now we must return to Lettie, who was so deeply absorbed in the novel she was reading that she did not notice the entrance of the gentleman of *that bag*.

The rain came in at her window; she tried to shut it, but found she could not. The young gentleman now attracted Lettie's notice as he stepped forward, and was about to proffer his services; but the porter seeing what was wanted, closed it.

Lettie's "thank you" was tinged with a little anger, for she had noticed the motions of the stranger, and had wished to catch a glimpse of his face without looking in his direction. This she would have been enabled to do had he shut the window.

For awhile she read on, and then, unable to keep her curiosity longer under control, she cast a glance upon the stranger, "just to see," she murmured to herself, "if he was worth flirting with."

It was a short, quick glance, but it was long enough to tell her he was handsome, and also that he was watching her closely.

The next moment a voice said, "Would you like to see this morning's paper?"

She looked up, accepted the paper, said, "Thank you," then added to herself, "That shall serve as a commencement to a good flirtation."

Lettie was a good girl, but yet one of the veriest little flirts that ever lived.

Five minutes more passed, and again she heard the voice, saying, "Beg pardon, miss, but is it not tiresome travelling alone—would you mind exchanging cards?" and dropping into the seat by her side, the handsome stranger handed her his card. She read, "Guy Hamilton."

Turning, she smiled saucily, saying, "Now I know your name, I shall retain from you the knowledge of mine."

"How cruel."

"No, I only do it as a safeguard."

"But how am I to address you?"

"You may call me Miss Lettie," and there rose a hope that he would not suspect that it was her real name.

"Well, Miss Lettie, how far are you travelling—how long am I to enjoy your company?"

"I am going to Detroit."

"How fortunate, so am I. I am on my way home from Europe, where I have been spending several years. I expect to receive a hearty welcome from my uncle, Judge Livingston, and his daughter. Is Detroit your home?"

Never heeding his question, Lettie said, "Then Ada Livingston is your cousin."

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"Why, I am going to visit her."

"I think I can guess who you are. You are Lettie Haven of whom Ada has written so much about in her letters to me: *n'est ce pas?*"

Then and there commenced a pleasant acquaintance, which as Lettie's visit lengthened, grew into a firm friendship. The friendship of one of them ripened into love, the more he saw of this charming Lottie.

"I had determined not to tell Lettie of my great love for her, but I have missed her so much," mused Mr. Lennox. "Her absence has proven it to me, and I must write and know my fate; I can bear this suspense no longer. I wonder if she could learn to love me just a little," and Robert Lennox sighed as he thought how much Lettie wrote about a Mr. Hamilton; and he feared she had learned to love another; and the strong man's frame trembled at the possibility of such a thing, and he felt he must know his fate. Oh, how much depended on Lettie's answer.

"Oh, dear, I never dreamed guardy loved me! I wonder if I love him, or—" here Lettie paused a moment, for it was a strange thing to think of her guardian in the light of a lover—"do I love Guy Hamilton?" She paused again, and then continued, "I have a good mind to say yes to guardy, he has been kind to me. I think I could learn to love him, and—"

"Oh, here you are, Miss Lettie, in the shadiest nook that could be found. What makes you look so solemn?"

"I was only thinking."

"Of whom?" And throwing himself down on the green grass by her side, and seizing her hand that was idly toying with the letter she had just been reading, he continued—"Were you thinking of me, my darling? Lettie, I love you. Do you love me? Will you be my wife?" And he looked up imploringly, while waiting for the answer.

Lettie was puzzled. Two proposals; and she knew not which of the two men she loved the most. For the moment, she thought she loved Guy the best, as he lay there waiting for her heart; then, as she imagined the kind face of her guardian, she felt almost sure he alone had all her love.

"Indeed, Mr. Hamilton, this is so sudden, I am unable to give you an answer." And determining she would be frank with him—for should not a man who offers his love, be dealt frankly with—she added—"And besides, I have just received a proposal from Mr. Lennox. I cannot decide between you, without consideration. I will give you an answer to-morrow."

And bursting into tears, she fled into the house. Was ever a maiden in such a trouble before?

The night passed and morning came, and still Lettie was undecided. Slowly she descended to the breakfast-room, where Judge Livingston was reading to his daughter and nephew, the details of a dreadful railroad accident. Lettie was apprised of what they had been reading, and then the judge commenced reading the column of dead and wounded. Slowly the names of the dead were read, and those of the injured commenced, when Lettie, as she leaned over the arm-chair of the judge, saw a familiar name, and read, as if in a maze: "Robert Lennox, severely hurt, scarcely expected to live."

She wailed, "Guardy, Robert," and sank down in a faint.

In the cry of that name, Guy read his answer, and bore up like a man.

The accident solved for Lettie the problem she could not for herself.

When Lettie recovered, she hastily packed a few things, and started to Robert.

What more is there to be told, except that under Lettie's tender nursing, Mr. Lennox soon recovered and received an answer in the affirmative.

Let us hope that Guy Hamilton forgot his love for Lettie, and found another true, loving woman to take her place.

☞ Talk often in company, and in a way which shows that you understand what is said around you. But do not talk long. In that case you are apt to tire your hearers. There are many persons who, though they have nothing to talk of, never know when to leave off talking.

☞ A falsehood has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

☞ Never show that you suspect, nor accuse till you have found that your suspicion was well founded.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

LOQUACIOUS says: "I am not in love with five men and wishing you to tell me which of the five I love best, but would like you to answer the following questions: 1st. Has 'Within the Maze' been published in book form? 2d. How much must I send to secure the Lady's Friend for 1872 and 1873? 3d. Are you expecting to give any new premiums to yearly subscribers next year? 4th. In your answers to correspondents of August 2d you say, in answer to the inquiry concerning horse hairs turning to snakes: 'Among the many absurd notions which people entertain there is none can surpass this in point of absurdity.' Now I have several times watched this metamorphosis, and, if you are still incredulous, take a hair from your horse's mane or tail and keep it immersed in your cistern or fountain where you can watch it, and if you do not have a horse hair snake of your own, the experiment will have failed for the first time to my knowledge, and I have seen it tried many times." We are greatly obliged for your high commendation of our premiums and engravings. Modesty forbids our publishing your very flattering remarks. We are sorry to hear of your being lost on that treeless, trackless plain, and hope you have struck upon a wooded path by this time. 1st. Yes, by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. 2d. $4.00. But we cannot supply January, 1873. 3d. Yes, we hope to charm the eyes of our yearly subscribers with a beautiful new chromo. 4th. Despite your assurance we must beg leave to remain "of the same opinion still." We do not doubt that you have seen an appearance of life in the hair. We have been assured by a gentleman of considerable scientific ability that he has observed the same thing. But his observations were made when he was a boy. We think it probable that he would be better able to explain the strange appearance now. English and French scientists have been publishing ponderous volumes these ten years past on the question as to whether the minutest forms of animal life could or could not appear spontaneously in a vegetable or animal infusion, and have not yet settled the question. We do not imagine that they would fight long over the theory of the spontaneous development of a snake from an infusion of horse-hair. We have no intention to make light of your observations, but simply to doubt their scientific accuracy. How would you prove it was a snake you saw? Did you dissect it, or examine the formation of its head and mouth? Did you use the microscope? We will give our idea as to what really appeared. Animal decay is usually, or always, accompanied with the production of smaller forms of life. These can frequently be only detected by the microscope. If you had applied this instrument, we imagine you would have found the hair covered with such minute creatures, in sufficient numbers to move it by their combined motions. The softer, bulbous part of the hair would naturally be still more prolific, and might thus assume the appearance of an animal's head. We would advise you to repeat the experiment, with close observation of the phenomena through a microscope, and would be glad to hear the result. Do not understand us as considering this a case of spontaneous development of minute life. Standing water soon swarms with such life, which would be profusely multiplied by decaying organic matter.

CHARLIE, (Indianapolis, Ind.,) asks: "1st. What church does H. W. Beecher belong to? 2d. What is meant by Credit Mobilier? Also, what was meant by the Alabama Claims? 3d. In what State is Saratoga? 4th. I have been going with a girl 14 years of age, and she promised to be ever faithful to me, and to marry me when we become of age. We have known each other almost all our lives, and I have all confidence in her word. What do you think of our arrangements? 5th. How is my writing for a boy 16 years of age? Do not think me foolish, for these questions have caused me no little trouble." You have been troubled equally, we presume, about them all—Beecher, Saratoga, your handwriting, and the rest. We decline to put any deep faith in the unfathomableness and endlessness of the love between sweet fourteen and wise fifteen. You are but two children, with a strong liking for each other. It may last till you are old enough to warrant your calling it by a different name, or you may each have a dozen likings before you become man and woman. We have no serious objection to your arrangement, if you do not allow it to interfere with your studies and other important matters. H. W. Beecher belongs to the Congregationalists. The Credit Mobilier is a railroad joint stock speculation. The Alabama Claims are the claims of this government against England, for injury done by the privateer Alabama, which sailed from an English port in the late war. Saratoga is in New York State. Your handwriting needs improvement. Any young gentleman who aspires to the dignity of being in love should try both to write and spell better.

WILL PARDY asks: "Can you tell me where I can get the book called Belden, the White [illegible] and at what price? 2d. Give me the name of some news agent in Chicago. 3d. Can a woman be legally married the second time without getting a divorce, if the first man has left her?" 1st. We can get you the book mentioned, price $4.50. 2d. The Western News Co., Chicago, Ill. 3d. No. A second marriage, without divorce, while the first husband is living, constitutes the crime of bigamy, and is punishable by law in all the States.

A. H., (Longwood, Mo.,) says: I troubled you once before, and found your answers so satisfactory that I will try once more. Will you please tell me the emblem of tobacco? Also, where can Flora's dictionary be obtained, and its price?" Tobacco has no emblematic meaning in any floral dictionary we have ever seen. It is probable that any bookseller can furnish or procure you such a work. The price would be, we should judge, from one to two dollars. Apply to your nearest bookseller.

IRENE, (Philadelphia,) says: "I thought, as we have been taking the Post since its first existence, which, I understand, is fifty-two years—a longer existence than most papers have—that I might be entitled to a few questions, and, like Lady Janet Roy, 'to see myself in print' is the ambition of the age. Not to ask whether it is proper for a lady to kiss a gentleman, as I consider the lady the best judge of that, for some gentlemen would not be worthy of it. Though I attach no discredit to yourself as I could not say what you might be. Or whether my handwriting is good, for I should be afraid you might tell me it was not, and that must certainly be very mortifying, but something equally foolish in your estimation. Whether a letter directed to the post-office will be advertised, and, if so, how long will it lay before being advertised? Also, if to obtain one of those pocket dictionaries, it is only necessary to enclose one dollar, and give the address? I suppose you will say to yourself I am sadly in need of the article. You know, woman-like, I must talk. You will certainly excuse one of the privileges of the sex as long as I have been such a constant reader of the dear Post all my lifetime. I hope the saints may defend you from all enemies that may have so much to say." Irene can ask as many questions as she wishes. We will always answer her to the best of our knowledge. A letter will be advertised if not called for. We believe it is advertised one week after being received. It is only necessary to enclose the money and give the address.

ANDERSON, (Denver, N. C.,) asks: "1st. When did Napoleon Bonaparte die, and how old was he? 2d. What kind of a place is Kansas City, Mo., for business? 3d. How is my writing? 4th. Which is the largest city in the west? 5th. How many religious denominations are there? 6th. Which is the greatest manufacturing city in the United States?" 1st. He was born Aug. 15th, 1769, and died May 5th, 1821. 2d. Probably good. It is a thriving city, and has numerous manufactories. 3d. It needs improvement. 4th. Cincinnati. 5th. About one hundred and fifty. 6th. Philadelphia. The value of its annual manufactures is about $400,000,000.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]